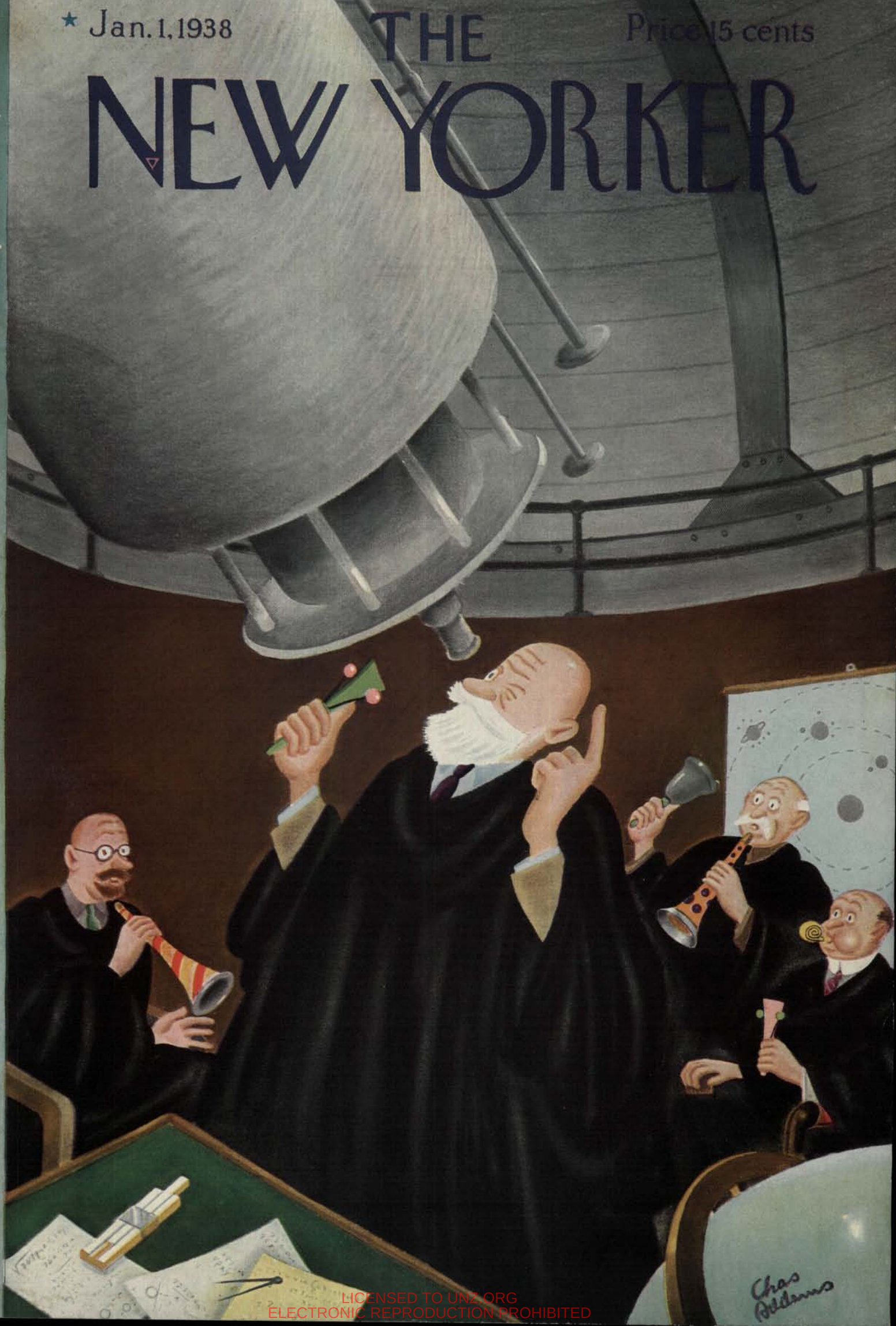
★ Jan. 1, 1938

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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HOME FOR THE HOLIDAY WHIRL, the younger generation of buds and their beaux stand up and cheer for Heinz savory Cream of Mushroom Soup. It's an ideal "starter-offer" for a gay buffet supper!

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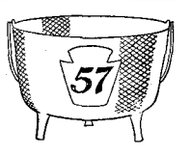

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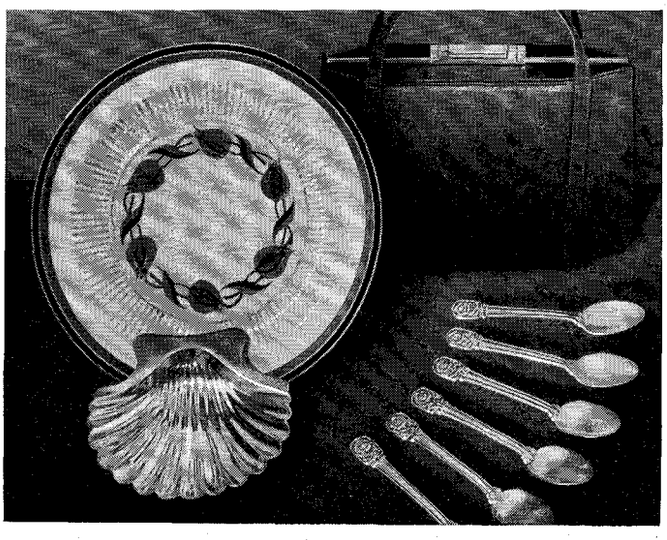

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AMPHITRYON 38—The gods mixing it up with mortals in the best French bedroom-farce manner, very amusing and high-class, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990. Mat. Thurs.)

BARCHESTER TOWERS—Ina Claire in a version of the Trollope novel which is all right but not quite all right enough. Miss Claire is, however. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6363.)

BROTHER RAT—Pranks at a rather mature military school, showing that life there is not entirely sin and suffering. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8220. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

EDNA HIS WIFE—A whole play with Cornelia Otis Skinner playing all the women's rôles, and with considerable skill, too. The plot is that of the Other Woman. (Little, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-9791. Last performance Sun. Eve., Jan. 2.)

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE—A highly satisfactory comedy of sheer sentiment dealing with a priest who managed to get a dance hall shifted from one place to another, God knows how. Al Shean is the priest. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M.)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Light but agreeable comedy about a group of young Englishmen who are trying to study French and a young lady who has other ideas in her head. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. Mat. Thurs.)

THE GHOST OF YANKEE DOODLE—Ethel Barrymore returns to the stage in her old form, surrounded by Dudley Digges, Frank Conroy, and other Guilders in Sidney Howard's study of a family of liberals in the next war. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M. May close Sat., Jan. 8.)

GOLDEN BOY—Clifford Odets has written a good regulation drama about a prizefighter who gets what he wants and then doesn't want it, without terrific social implications. What Mr. Odets can't hide is the fact that he writes beautifully at times. Luther Adler, Frances Farmer, and others. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—Love among the vacationists at a Jewish camp in the Berkshires. A delightfully humorous comedy. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546. Moves to another theatre Mon., Jan. 3.)

JULIUS CAESAR—Done in modern military uniforms and, under Orson Welles' aegis, a thrilling experiment. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688. Performances Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 4, 5, and 6, at 9 P.M.; Dec. 31 at 11:45 P.M.; Jan. 5 and 6 at 3 P.M.)

OF MICE AND MEN—The author of the book of the same name wrote this play, and made it just like the book, which is about as good as you'll get. Wallace Ford, Broderick Crawford, and Claire Luce. (Music Box, 45, W. CIrcle 6-4636. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

ROOM SERVICE—A shoestring theatrical producer and his war with a Broadway hotel made into the best farce you've seen in a long time. George Abbott's superior direction has a lot to do with it. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M. Extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 30.)

THE STAR-WAGON—Maxwell Anderson tinkers with Mr. Wells' old Time Machine, without improving it especially. Lillian Gish and Burgess Meredith grow younger gracefully enough. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9540.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Gertrude Lawrence in Rachel Crothers' comedy about a lady Buchmanite. Enthusiastically recommended. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 30, 2:30 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fifth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CIrcle 6-8870.)

THE WOMEN—Spitfire and venom, pretty amusing as delivered by a cast of good actresses, in a comedy of New York and Reno. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—One of the best comedies of last season, dealing with an old-time Emancipated Spirit who finds her daughter chipping off the old block. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134. 8:45 P.M.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Moss Hart and George Kaufman have given us a pleasantly nutty family that makes no sense, but lots of laughs. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Jed Harris's production of the Ibsen play, with Ruth Gordon, Dennis King, Paul Lukas, and Sam Jaffe. (Morosco, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6230.)

WITH MUSIC

BETWEEN THE DEVIL—Musical comedy of the old school, done with enough entertaining features, such as score, dancing, and performers (Jack Buchanan, Evelyn Laye, and Adele Dixon) to make it pleasant. (Imperial, 45, W. COlumbus 5-7889. 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK—Steeltown, U.S.A., shown in the throes of a labor war in a stark but forceful opera with no scenery. Much better than it sounds. Starting Mon. Eve., Jan. 3. (Windsor, 48, E. BRyant 0-0178.)

HOORAY FOR WHAT!—A darned good musical show, with the tremendous advantage of Ed Wynn at his best. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT—George M. Cohan in what amounts to a Gridiron Club show kidding the administration to Rodgers and Hart music with Kaufman and Hart jokes. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—What started out to be just a little revue by garment workers has turned into a Broadway musical success, all because it is both amusing and tuneful. (Labor Stage, 39, E. WIsconsin 7-9331.)

THREE WALTZES—An elaborate regulation musical comedy of the Strauss-waltz school, old-fashioned to the point of being charming. Kitty Carlisle, Michael Bartlett, Glenn Anders, and others. (Majestic, 44, W. CIrcle 6-0730. 8:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY—Thomas Dekker's Elizabethan comedy, staged by Orson Welles, with Edith Barrett, Vincent Price, Whitford Kane, and others. Opens Sat. Eve., Jan. 1. Subsequent performances Eves. of Jan. 3, 7, and 8; and Aft. of Jan. 8. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688.)

TIME AND THE CONWAYS—J. B. Priestley's play, with Dame Sybil Thorndike, Jessica Tandy, and others. Opens Mon., Jan. 3. (Ritz, 48, W. CIrcle 6-0480.)

RIGHT THIS WAY—A musical show, with Guy Robertson, Tamara, Joe E. Lewis, Blanche Ring, and others. Opens Tues., Jan. 4. (46th Street, 46, W. CIrcle 6-6075.)

STOP OVER—A melodrama by Matt and Sam Taylor, with Arthur Byron and Muriel Kirkland. Opens Tues., Jan. 4. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

YR OBEDIENT HUSBAND—Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in Horace Jackson's play about Richard Steele. Opens Wed., Jan. 5. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CIrcle 6-6699.)

MISCELLANY

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME—The place where you can have a drink while you hiss the villain. Probably just the thing for your simple-minded moments. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-8565. Nightly at 9:15.)

FRENCH THEATRE—Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company from Paris in Molière's "Le Médecin Malgré Lui": Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 30-31, at 8:30 P.M.; Sat., Jan. 1, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Processional," successful revival of the John Howard Lawson play. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:40 P.M.) ... Eugene O'Neill's cycle of four one-act plays of the sea, with an all-Negro cast. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TIllinghast 5-1424. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:45 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.) ... "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs., Dec. 30, at 8:15 P.M. "The Mikado," Fri. through Sun., Dec. 31-Jan. 2, at 8:15 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

DANCE RECITALS

ANGNA ENTERS—Final of a series of recitals by the celebrated choreomime: Sun. Eve., Jan. 2, at 8:45. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114.)

DANCE INTERNATIONAL—"Evening of Modern Dance," with Ruth St. Denis, Martha Graham, Hanya Holm, Doris Humphrey, Tamiris, Charles Weidman, and their groups: Sun. Eve., Jan. 2, at 9. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. COlumbus 5-6535.) ... Last two recitals by dance groups from many countries: Thurs. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 30 and Jan. 1, at 4. (Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center. CIrcle 6-1400.)

TAMIRIS—In solo dances; and the WPA dance drama, "How Long Brethren?": Weekdays, except Mon., at 9 P.M.; through Jan. 8. (49th Street, 49, W. COlumbus 5-9754.)

UDAY SHAN-KAR—Farewell performances by the Hindu dancer, with his ballet and musicians: Thurs. and Sun. Afts., Dec. 30 and Jan. 2, at 2:40; Sun. Eve., Jan. 2, at 8:40. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664.) ... In Brooklyn: Wed. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL—Tony Sarg's Marionettes in "Robinson Crusoe," Dorothy Gordon, Toto the clown, Uncle Don, and others: Daily through Sun., Jan. 2, at 11 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. (Windsor, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178.)

LA BOÎTE À JOUJOUX—Debussy's ballet presented by a cast of children: Thurs. Aft., Dec. 30, at 3. (Ballroom, Waldorf-Astoria. ELdorado 5-3000.)

THE BUMBLE BEE PRINCE—Special holiday presentation of Rimski-Korsakov's opera: Thurs. Aft., Dec. 30, at 3. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

WPA CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL—"Jack and the Beanstalk": Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 2:30. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714.) ... "A Dance Program for Young Folk": Dec. 30 and 31, Jan. 1, 7, and 8, at 2:30 P.M. (49th Street, 49, W. COlumbus 5-9754.) ... Marionette version of "Hänsel und Gretel": Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 2:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Many of the places listed below have special fixed charges and entertainment for New Year's Eve. You'd better ask when you phone for reservations.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra plays in the Trianon Room; songs by Adelaide Moffet and dances by the Vernons. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the music in the Bowman Room.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—One of the smaller and more intimate places. Murray Driscoll's orchestra and Don Marton's rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—This perennial East Side favorite has Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—You'll find Richard Himber and his orchestra in this room which looks out on Central Park; also Arthur Murray's Big Apple Dancers.

LA CONGA, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Panchito's Cuban rumba band are the attractions here.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Joseph Smith's orchestras; songs by Graziella Parraga at supper.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—This agreeable and conveniently located uptown spot has music by Phil Grey's orchestra and the Conga Cubans.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WIckersham 2-4100)—

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIII, No. 46, January 1, 1938. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

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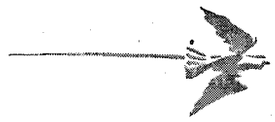
South to the sun—



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Freddie Starr's orchestra plays for dancing until 10 P.M.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—The Neptune Room has Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and singing by Betty Bryant. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The charming Persian Room offers music by Eddy Duchin and dancing by Paul Draper. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The current show here features The Viennese Singers, Alec Templeton, the English pianist, and Dorothy Fox, satiric dancer. Music by Al Donahue's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band. Formal dress required after 10 P.M.... Eddy Rogers' orchestra plays in the adjoining and informal Rainbow Grill; dances by Glover and La Mae.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600)—The attractive Crystal Garden has Freddy Martin and his orchestra, and dances by Holland and Hart. Must dress.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play for dinner and supper dancing.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—Basil Fomeen's and Ralph Gonzalez's orchestras alternate in the Restaurant de la Paix. Dances by Betty and Freddy Roberts; magic by Albenice.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has Emil Coleman and his orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, offers "Nights Near Kasbek," with Joyce Cole and Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Gerry Morton leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge, where Dwight Fiske sings his merry songs at midnight.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (PLaza 3-0200)—Meyer Davis's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only. Dress preferred.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular and usually overcrowded before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Bobby Parks and Nilo Menendez.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PLaza 8-0310)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Entertainment by Cross and Dunn, Corinna Mura, and others; dance music by Larry Siry's and Gus Martel's orchestras.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The handsome Sert Room offers music by Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras, songs by Eve Symington, and dances by the Hartmans (to be replaced by Gower and Jeanne on Jan. 1). Must dress.... The informal Lounge Restaurant has music by Mischa Borr; Raphael and his concertina appear at supper time.... Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only in the informal Empire Room.

WEYLIN, Madison at 54 (PLaza 3-9100)—The Caprice Room is open for dinner dancing only. Mario di Polo's orchestra.

MISCELLANEOUS—The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000), has Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra and an ice-skating show.... Benny Goodman's orchestra plays in the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000).... Lani McIntire provides the music in the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington, Lexington at 48 (WIckersham 2-4400).... Tommy Dorsey's orchestra is at the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (Vanderbilt 3-6000).... Dick Kuhn plays in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34.... Isham Jones plays in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44.... Sande Williams provides the music in the Broadway Cocktail Lounge of the Astor, B'way at 45.... Eddie Lane is at the Governor Clinton Grill, 7 Ave. at 31.... Val Olman provides the music and Ethel Shutta sings in the Glass Hat Room of the Belmont-Plaza, 130 E. 50.... Milt Herth plays at the Shelton Corner, Lexington at 49.... Paul Sparr is at the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54.... Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56, has Jerry Blaine's orchestra and a revue.... Bill McCune plays in the "61" Room of the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights.... Mon Paris, 142 E. 53, features Charlie Murray's orchestra and songs by Miller, Adams, and Glasser.... Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has entertainment by Rafaelo Diaz, Reed Lawton, and others.... Armando's, 54 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-9739), has dance music by Ramoni's orchestra.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might stop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Madison Café, 15 E. 58; Hampshire House Cocktail Lounge, 150 Central Pk. S.; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; La Marquise, 28 W. 56; Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54; and Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), offers a revue, Yascha Bunchuk's and Gene Fosdick's orchestras, and other attractions.... Two more places with plenty of floor show are: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 6-5960).

Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra.... Jack White and Gordon Andrews' orchestra

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.]

are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).... Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-8505), has Johnny Powell's orchestra and a show.... Tommy Lyman sings at The Oaks, 127 E. 47 (ELdorado 5-9624).

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 7-1000), has Cab Calloway and a fine, big show featuring Bill Robinson, Avis Andrews, and others.... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), also offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with John Kirby's band and Maxine Sullivan; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's Chicagoans; Swing Club, 35 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-7951), with Wingy Mannone; and the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9543), with Louis Prima's orchestra and Art Tatum.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite; music by Lou Ferris's orchestra.... Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has music by the Gallant Trio, songs by Angela Valez, and other entertainment..., The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-0933), has a colored show.... The Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and the Village Barn, 52 W. 8, are pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners.... Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

HARLEM—You can watch the dancing and hear Erskine Hawkins' orchestra at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDgecombe 4-0271).... Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52 (CIrcle 7-6269); and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644).... Hungarian: Tokay, 7 Ave. at 52 (CIrcle 7-6435).... Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Gramercy 7-9784).... Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251).... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833).

ART

ABBOTT—"Changing New York," photographs of street scenes, buildings, etc.: Museum of the City of N. Y., 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 3.

AN AMERICAN GROUP—Water colors and gouaches by Elizabeth Olds, the Soyers, Julian Levi, Francis Criss, and other members of this talented group: Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 3.

BACHE COLLECTION—The famous Jules Bache collection of works of art is on view Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Sat., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Admission by ticket only; apply in writing to the Custodian, 814 5 Ave.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM—American Impressionists, including Twachtman, Cassatt, Hassam, and Weir. Also Egyptian and Assyrian Collections, and an exhibition of contemporary industrial and handwrought silver: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

CHILDREN'S ART—Interesting show of paintings, etchings, lithographs, sculpture, etc., by children: WPA Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. 12 noon to 5 P.M.; Dec. 24-Jan. 8.

CZEBOTAR—First one-man show of a new Wisconsin painter, Theodore Czebotar: Walker, 108 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

DANCE INTERNATIONAL—Huge and decidedly varied exhibition of art relating to the dance, as part of the current dance festival of the same name: International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

DE CHIRICO—Recent paintings and gouaches by Giorgio de Chirico: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

DEMUTH—Over 100 paintings, water colors, etc., by the late semi-abstract painter, Charles Demuth: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

GERSHWIN—Paintings, water colors, and drawings by the late George Gershwin: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

LAURENCIN—Recent paintings by Marie Laurencin: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

MODERN MUSEUM—"The Making of a Contemporary Film," material assembled by the Museum's Film Library; and new acquisitions to the Museum's permanent collection, chiefly paintings and sculpture: Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUNICIPAL—Opening show of New York artists in the new Municipal Art Galleries: 3 E. 67. Open daily (except Mon.) 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

O'KEEFFE—Twenty-seven new paintings—New Mexico, shells, flowers, etc.—by Georgia O'Keeffe: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS—An exhibition, sponsored by Robert Moses, of paintings by well-known artists, showing the changes in the city's parks from 1903 to the present: International Art Center, Riverside Dr. at 103. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

POMPON—Animal sculpture by François Pompon: Brummer, 53 E. 57. Open 10:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

PRINTS—"A Print-Lover's Hundred," five centuries of woodcuts and etchings: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 15.... At N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42—Centenary exhibition of Alphonse Legros: Room 316; through Jan. 31. "A Century of Prints": Room 321; through Mar. 31. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

SCULPTURE CONTRASTS—Pleasant show of small sculpture by a varied set of younger artists: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Open weekdays 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 29.

STOLLER—Capably executed sculpture by Alexander Stoller: Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

TROMKA—Paintings and drawings by one of the more gifted of the "proletarian" artists: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

VLAMINCK—Excellent recent paintings: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified—Photographs by Horst, and coquillages by Madame la Comtesse de la Morinière: Seligmann, 3 E. 51; through Dec. 31.... Paintings by Alice Hirsh: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Dec. 31.... Water colors by Pop Hart: Keppel, 71 E. 57; through Dec. 31.... Prints and drawings by Thomas Handforth: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57; through Dec. 31.... Murals by Louise N. Grace: Maison Française, 610 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 4.... New paintings by Helion: Valentine, 16 E. 57; through Jan. 15.... Gouaches and drawings by Angna Enters: Newhouse, 5 E. 57; through Dec. 31.... Group show of water colors and drawings: Uptown, 249 West End, at 72. Open 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.... Sculpture by Renée Sintenis; drawings by Aristide Maillol: Buchholz, 3 W. 46; through Jan. 6.... Paintings by Frank Vining Smith and Wayne Davis: Schwartz, 507 Madison; through Dec. 31.... Water colors by Nan Watson: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave.; through Dec. 31.... Paintings by Alfred Kraemer: Midtown, 605 Madison; through Jan. 3.... Recent paintings, from Matisse to Miró: Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57; starting Jan. 4.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

WILLIAM HAIN—First local recital of a young tenor who has done admirably in operetta and oratorio: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 2.

HARRIET EELLS—Reappearance of a mezzo-soprano who knows how to assemble an inviting program: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 2.

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Probably sold out, but maybe there are a few tickets available. If so, whoever gets them is in luck: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 3.

LUBOSHUTZ AND NEMENOFF—The first pianists of the new year. An accomplished team, too: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 4.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—Chamber music that is a pleasure to the listeners as well as to the performers: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 4.

MARJORIE LAWRENCE—The Metropolitan soprano, who's singing better than ever this season, gives her first concert hereabouts: Town Hall, Wed. Aft., Jan. 5.

RUDOLF SERKIN AND GERTRUD WETTERGREN—An interesting joint recital, continuing the Town Hall Endowment Fund Series: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 5.

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Here's the first solo piano concert of the year—and worth hearing: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 7.

ROBERT CASADESUS—Yes, the pianists are back at

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it. Mr. Casadesus gives a good concert: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 8.

COLETTE D'ARVILLE—Her first recital here in several seasons, and sure to be an evening of colorful singing: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 8.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 31, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 1, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Jan. 2.... Enesco conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:45.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Jan. 8, at 2:30. At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Jan. 7.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54, 8:45 P.M.—New York Civic Orchestra, Miss Brico conducting: Sun. Eve., Jan. 2. ... Madrigal Singers, Engel conducting: Wed. Eve., Jan. 5.... New York Civic Orchestra, Plotnikoff conducting: Fri. Eve., Jan. 7.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Otello," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8; "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., Dec. 31, at 8; "Don Giovanni," Sat. Aft., Jan. 1, at 2; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Jan. 1; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Jan. 2; "Norma," Mon. Eve., Jan. 3, at 8:15; "Tristan und Isolde," special benefit performance, Tues. Aft., Jan. 4, at 1:45; "Tannhäuser," Wed. Eve., Jan. 5, at 8; "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 6, at 8; "Gianni Schicchi" and "Elektra," Fri. Eve., Jan. 7, at 8:15; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Aft., Jan. 8, at 2; "Aida," Sat. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8.

HIPPODROME—"La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8:15; "Madama Butterfly," Fri. Eve., Dec. 31, at 8:15; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Aft., Jan. 1, at 2:45; "Faust," Sat. Eve., Jan. 1, at 8:15; "The Barber of Seville," Sat. Eve., Jan. 8, at 8:15.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Freddie Steele vs. Fred Apostoli, Fri. Eve., Jan. 7; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden, 8:30 P.M.—N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown; and Long Island University vs. Southern Methodist: Wed. Eve., Jan. 5.... N.Y.U. vs. Manhattan; and C.C.N.Y. vs. St. John's: Sat. Eve., Jan. 8.

FENCING—Sabres, Junior Team Championship: Salle d'Armes Henry IV, 233 E. 61, Tues. Eve., Jan. 4, at 7:30.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:45 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Fri. Eve., Dec. 31; Americans vs. Montreal, Sun. Eve., Jan. 2; Rangers vs. Americans, Tues. Eve., Jan. 4; Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 6.... Amateur games: Sun. Afts. at 2.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Jan. 8: Boulder Brook vs. 1st Division, at 8:30; Squadron A vs. Evergreen Farms, at 9:30.

At Squadron C Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn—Sat. Eve., Jan. 8: game to be announced, at 8:30; Squadron C vs. N.Y.A.C., at 9:30.

INDOOR TENNIS—National Junior and Boys Indoor Championships: 7th Regt. Armory, Park at 66; daily through Sat., Jan. 1.

OTHER EVENTS

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Opens at Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Fri., Jan. 7, at 7 P.M.; weekdays thereafter, 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

BOOKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS—First editions, original drawings, autograph manuscripts, etc., by English writers and artists of the nineteenth century: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

DANCE INTERNATIONAL—See listings under "ART" on page 4 and "DANCE RECITALS" on page 2.

PUBLIC BALLS—Annual Greenwich Village Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, New Year's Eve., Dec. 31, at 10.... Winter Sports Ball, for the benefit of the Opportunity Shop: Ballroom, Waldorf-Astoria, New Year's Eve., Dec. 31, at 10.... Fiesta and supper dance, to aid Spanish Democracy: Starlight Roof, Waldorf-Astoria, New Year's Eve., Dec. 31, at 10.

SILVER EXHIBITION—"Silver by New York Makers," from the late seventeenth century to 1900: Museum of the City of N.Y., 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; SUN. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 17.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The library of the late Joseph B. Shea, Part II, English and American literature: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Jan. 5-6, at 8:15.... The V. Everit Macy collection, including Persian and Mesopotamian pottery, Persian and Indian miniatures, brocades, velvet carpets, Oriental rugs, Egyptian antiquities, ancient glass, paintings, drawings, English furniture, etc.: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Jan. 6-8, at 2.

NOTE—The skating pond in Rockefeller Plaza is open *daily 10:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; 2 to 4:30 P.M.;* 5 to 7:30 P.M.; 8:30 to 11 P.M.

ON THE AIR

NEW YEAR'S EVE PROGRAMS—Paulist Choristers: Fri., Dec. 31, at 2 P.M., WEAF. Big Ben, from London: 7 P.M., WJZ. Dance bands and celebrations from all over: from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M., WABC; from 11:30 P.M. to 4 A.M., WOR; from midnight to 5 A.M., WEAF-WJZ.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with Giannini, Cigna, Pinza, Crooks, and others: Sat. Aft., Jan. 1, at 2, WJZ.

FOOTBALL—Sat. Aft., Jan 1—Sugar Bowl, Santa Clara vs. Louisiana State, 2, WEAF. Orange Bowl, Auburn vs. Michigan State, 2, WABC. East-West All Star, San Francisco, 3:45, WOR. Rose Bowl, Alabama vs. California, about 4:45, WJZ. Cotton Bowl, Rice vs. Colorado, about 4:45, WABC.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(*Listing is chronological*; times are P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEAF. Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. March of Time, 8:30, WJZ. "Good News of 1938," 9, WEAF. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 9:30, WOR. America's Town Meeting, 9:30, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF.

FRIDAY—"Essays in Music," Bay conducting, 6:15, WABC. Kreiner String Quartet, 3, WABC. Hammerstein Music Hall, 8, WABC. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. *Kitty Carlisle, 10, WABC. Bamberger Symphony,* 10:30, WOR. Dorothy Thompson, 10:45, WEAF.

SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 A.M., WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 7, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WEAF-WJZ.

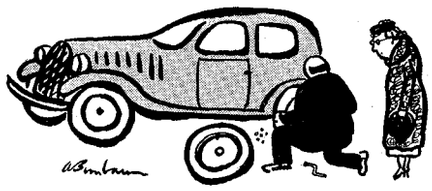
SUNDAY—Gotham String Quartet, 1:30, WOR. Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, 5, WJZ. Mickey Mouse and His Gang, 5:30, WEAF. Jeanette MacDonald, 7, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Nelson Eddy and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. General Motors Concert, 8, WJZ. Tyrone Power, Jr., 9, WJZ. Ford concert, 9, WABC.

MONDAY—Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting, 3, WJZ. Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Philadelphia Orchestra, Reiner conducting, 9, WJZ.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Lanny Ross and Charles Butterworth, 9:30, WEAF. Benny Goodman, 10, WABC. Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 10, WOR.

WEDNESDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 3:45, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Eddie Cantor, 8:30, WABC. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Lawrence Tibbett and André Kostelanetz, 9, WABC.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS *FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER* 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 8.]

MOTION PICTURES

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—Eddie Cantor on the New Deal, with fixings from the Arabian Nights. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 1-3.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 7-8.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH—Divorce and its fashionable complications made funny by Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175: through Thurs., Dec. 30.... Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Lincoln Square, B'way at 66; Fri. through Wed., Dec. 31-Jan. 5.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 31-Jan. 2.... Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 31-Jan. 3.)

CONQUEST—Garbo tempestuous and tragic as a love of Napoleon's, and Charles Boyer fine as the Emperor. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Lincoln Square, B'way at 66; through Thurs., Dec. 30.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 4-6.... Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 5-6.... Olympia, B'way at 107; starting Fri., Jan. 7.)

CLUB DE FEMMES—Danielle Darrieux and a number of ladies in a charming (though censored) French film. (World, 49, E. of B'way; through Thurs., Dec. 30.)

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—Hilarious and musical item, with Fred Astaire, Burns and Allen, Reginald Gardiner, and pretty Joan Fontaine. (Palace, B'way at 47; Fri. through Thurs., Dec. 31-Jan. 6.... RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 23rd Street, 23, E. of 7 Ave.; RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 31-Jan. 4.)

DEAD END—New York streets, described and explained by Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart, Joel McCrea, and the six youngsters who made the original play unique. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. and Wed., Jan. 4-5.)

THE FIREFLY—Good old Friml tunes, but long stretches of fancy plot stuff, with Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones. (State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 30-Jan. 5.... Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Fri. through Wed., Dec. 31-Jan. 5.)

THE GREAT GARRICK—Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland in a slight costume piece that is comic enough on occasion. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 31-Jan. 1.... Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 4-6.)

HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME—Acceptable musical picture, chiefly because of the Kern music, with Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Thurs., Dec. 30.)

HITTING A NEW HIGH—Lily Pons sings, and is seen hither and yon accompanied by Eric Blore, Edward Everett Horton, and Jack Oakie. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE HURRICANE—The big Goldwyn tornado which subdues even Mary Astor. A certain Jon Hall is called upon to be heroic at times. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Sun., Jan. 2; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

LANCER SPY—War-espionage film, complicated but exciting, with Dolores Del Rio, George Sanders, Peter Lorre, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 1-3.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN—Harry Baur in a serious biographical sketch. For the Carnegie Hall set. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; continuous from noon.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—A substantial, highly interesting, and exciting history, with a fine performance by Paul Muni. (RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; Palace, B'way at 47; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Thurs., Dec. 30.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 5-6.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., Jan. 5.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 6-7.... Plaza, 58, E. of *Madison; and Stoddard, B'way at 90;* starting Fri., Jan. 7.)

LIVE, LOVE, AND LEARN—Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, and Robert Benchley in a crazy story of artists and such folk. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Lincoln Square, B'way at 66; through Thurs., Dec. 30. ... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 1-3.... Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 5-6.... Olympia, B'way at 107; starting Fri., Jan. 7.)

LOST HORIZON—Life and love among the lamas of Tibet. With Ronald Colman and Margo. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 31-Jan. 1. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 5-6.)

MADAME X—The reliable antique, renovated by Gladys George and John Beal. Sobs. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Jan. 1-3.)

MAYERLING—Royal love in the eighties, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:52, 4:44, 6:36, 8:28, and 10:20 P.M. May close Mon., Jan. 3.)

PETER THE FIRST—The best of the recent Russian films. Comic, savage, and sound history, though probably a kind study of a czar. (Cameo, 42, E. of B'way; continuous from 10 A.M.)

TOVARICH—Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer as the Russian aristocrats who go into domestic service. Perhaps not for those who saw the play. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; starting Thurs., Dec. 30.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—A handsome résumé of the more familiar anecdotes of the Queen's life. With Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Dec. 31.... Olympia, B'way at 107; Tues. through Thurs., Jan. 4-6.)

REVIVALS

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (1937)—Kipling's story made into a superb film, with Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 30-31.)

ELEPHANT BOY (1937)—The Flaherty film from Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants." Essential for the younger element. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 30-31, at 11 A.M., only.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—Gary Cooper in a nice, amiable comedy about getting lots of *money. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through* Thurs., Jan. 4-6.)

NIGHT MUST FALL (1937)—Robert Montgomery as a lurking assassin, with Dame May Whitty as a victim. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Thurs., Dec. 30.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—From the Maugham novel, with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Mon. and Tues., Jan. 3-4.)

SCARFACE (1932)—One of the bigger gunmen films, with Paul Muni. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—The Noel Coward film, often witty but sometimes pretty sentimental. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23; through Thurs., Dec. 30.)

THEY WON'T FORGET (1937)—From Ward Greene's "Death in the Deep South." A decidedly forceful and serious film. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 30-31.)

THE WAVE (1937)—The beauties of nature as found along the Gulf of Mexico. (World, 49, E. of B'way; through Thurs., Dec. 30.)

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BIG BUSINESS—NO. 5

17 Billions for Government

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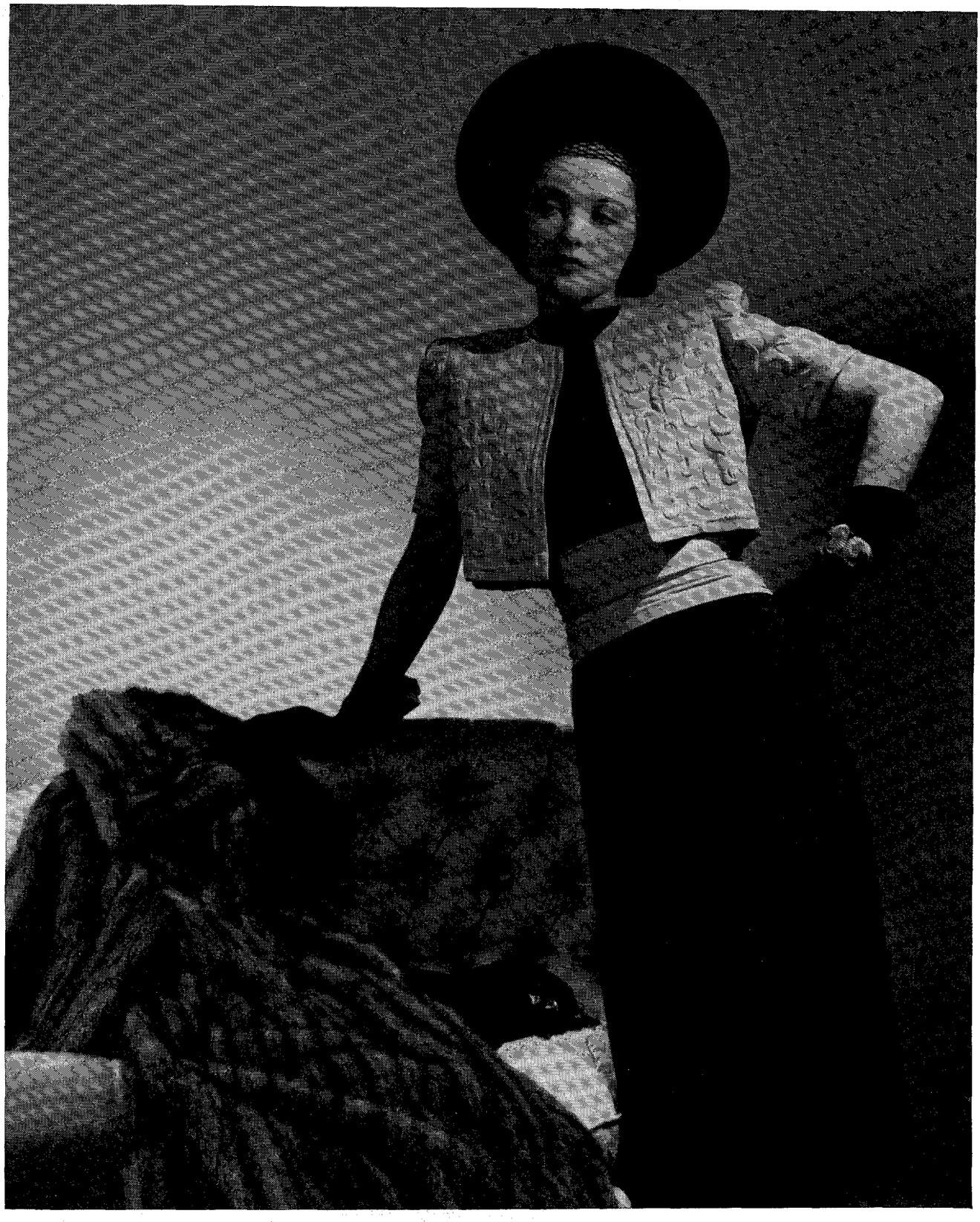

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THE NEW YORKER

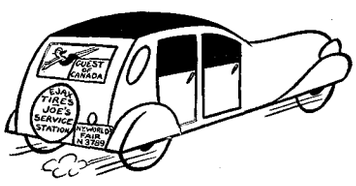
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG lady who feels the cold terribly has found a new use for cops. It happens that she lives on the second floor just over a dangerous intersection, so that always, night and day, there is a traffic policeman right under her window. The one on duty when she gets up in the morning is

as delicately adjusted to the weather as a ship's barometer, she says, and one glance at him is enough. If his nose is pink, it's all right to wear her cloth coat; if it's blue, it's the fur coat and the tippet.

AS you certainly know by now, your new automobile licence plates will carry a line reading "New York World's Fair 1939." We are against this, just as we are against having any other kind of advertising matter on our car, whether it be diving girls in red bathing suits, or pennants celebrating Frank Buck's monkey farm, or even the automobile dealer's name on the jacket



of the spare tire. It looks silly and untidy, for one thing, and for another, although we're crazy about the Fair, we resent being compelled to carry sandwich boards, front and rear, for the enterprising merchants and hotelmen who expect to make a profit out of the visitors. Nothing can be done about this situation legally. A lawyer we know was shocked at the very idea of painting out the line about the Fair, adding ominously that it was a misdemeanor to obscure any part of the plate and there was no telling what a judge would do if we got caught at it. Nevertheless, we've just about decided that we *are* going to do something about it and let the law take its course. We're not going to paint out the line about the Fair, though; we're just going to fasten a little strip of tin on top of it, and it's going to read "Down with Grover Whalen!"

THE author of hardboiled novels may well look on the New Year (and the economic necessity of writing another book) with anxiety. The writer of this genre can produce no more perversion or violence; his only hope lies in an extension of technique. As Vice grows more familiar and her face less dreadful, he must mention her more casually, noting her presence perfunctorily, in passing, like that of an old and rather tiresome friend. The Messrs. Hemingway and Cain have finished their current books and have no immediate need of our advice. Nothing, however, has been heard lately from Mr. Dashiell Hammett, and we take the liberty of offering him a sample first paragraph in line with these ideas:

> The girl in the blue dress was out in the kitchen, sharpening an axe.
> "Some dame!" said Ed.
> "She's all right," I said, "if you don't mind cannibals."
> He nodded.
> "Listen," he said, "you heard yet how the Yanks made out?"

THERE was some talk in the papers about the Robinsons being imprisoned in Russia as American spies, and suddenly we realized that the moving pictures have made it impossible for us to think about an American spy. Other nations undoubtedly do have their secret agents, copying the plans of fortifications, chewing and swallowing them when cornered, but they are the products of national characteristics which could never be found in native American stock. British spies, for instance, are suave; the Russians (all women) are exotic, the Japanese furtive, the Germans cunning, and so on. All these adjectives are derogatory, or at least they imply a talent for indirection and duplicity which must be hateful to the simple American heart. The keynote of our national character, as Mr. Goldwyn has shown us, is a sort of frank manliness, and a frank and manly spy is a contradiction in terms. We prefer

to believe that the United States would infinitely rather lose a war than have one American boy worm his way improperly into the confidence of a prime minister's wife, or one American girl sell her body for the plans of a battleship.

RECOVERING against our will after a night of seasonal gaiety, we would like to say that, in general, 1938 will be a year of unparalleled national confusion and private woe. It may even be that many clouds too long gathering, purple in the western sky, will burst in deluge—the year of cataclysm, the hour of the rat. We have no idea what shape disaster is likely to wear, whether it will be war or the final collapse of an implausible economic structure or simply the slow piling up of little burdens and anxieties until they are intolerable and the nation, as one man, marches down to the sea and drowns. The details are unimportant; you can

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be very sure that the total will be unpleasant. Happy New Year, everybody!

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Lindy's Restaurant has on its sandwich list a G-Man Special, made of raw meat.

Sign observed in front of a house on East Eleventh Street: "No dogs allowed, for any reason whatsoever."

On West Twenty-second Street there is a restaurant named Ye Olde Chelsea South Sea Island Dining Room.

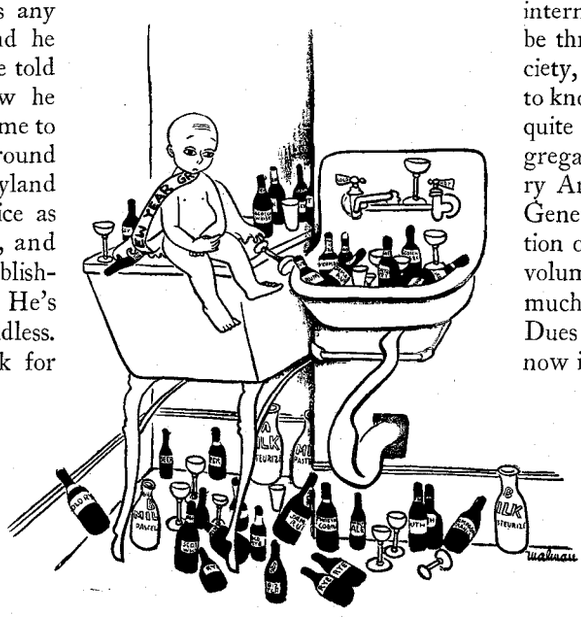
The Aprilizing Corporation of America was not named for what you think, but for its founder, Mr. Abe April.

Ferdinand

ONE of the strangest chapters in the history of English literature is the story of young Munro Leaf, who wrote "The Story of Ferdinand," a children's book which has in fifteen months sold 100,000 copies. We might explain for the benefit of the scattered few who haven't yet read "Ferdinand" that it's a brief story (with pictures) about a bull named Ferdinand who likes to lie under a cork tree and smell flowers, and who absolutely refuses to be a party to a bullfight. Well, Ferdinand has provoked all sorts of adult after-dinner conversation. Some say he's a rugged individualist, some say he's a ruthless Fascist who wanted his own way and got it, others say the tale is a satire on sit-down strikes—you see the idea. When the *Times* printed an editorial about Ferdinand, we realized that it was time to look up Mr. Leaf and get to the bottom of the matter.

"Screwball" is Mr. Leaf's word for the notion that his little tale has any social or political implications, and he ought to know if anybody does. He told us all about his background, how he came to be a writer, and how he came to write "Ferdinand." The background includes the University of Maryland and Harvard, several years' service as a preparatory-school instructor, and finally his present job with the publishing house of Frederick Stokes. He's now thirty-two, married, and childless. "Ferdinand" was his fourth book for children. The preceding three —"Grammar Can Be Fun," "Robert Francis Weatherbee," and "Manners Can Be Fun"— were illustrated, in an untutored way, by the author himself. "Ferdinand," however, was written to provide a scenario for the illustrations of Robert Lawson, who is pretty well known outside the juvenile field as an etcher. It took Mr. Leaf just forty minutes to write "Ferdinand." He sat down one rainy Sunday afternoon in October, 1935, without a trace of an idea for a plot. "But the minute I thought of a bull, I could see the whole story," he told us. "He wouldn't do what he was expected to do." The finished MS., written in longhand, covered two sheets of typewriter paper. Mr. Leaf made one correction—in the next-to-the-last sentence changed the word "yet" to "still."

Sales of "Ferdinand" reached seven thousand this last Christmas week, running slightly behind Dale Carnegie and well ahead of Eleanor Roosevelt. Strange reverberations, entirely unconnected with the field of juvenile literature, continue to reach Mr. Leaf's ears. An angry lady wrote to him from California berating him for making fun of Spain's national sport in these troublous times, and from the same state came word that Santa Barbara was entering a fifty-foot Ferdinand in the Tournament of Roses parade. Ferdinand is the hero of a WPA marionette show, and Mr. Leaf has been reliably informed that a certain rear admiral, U.S.N. (retired), is illuminating a copy of the book for his unborn grandchild. Walt Disney is making a Silly Symphony of the story, thus opening to the Messrs. Leaf and Lawson (who go fifty-fifty on the proceeds) an attractive vista of royalties from Ferdinand—toys, pottery, clothes, and whatnot. Mr. Leaf is under contract to the *Ladies' Home Journal* to write a children's page. Meanwhile, "Noodle," his fifth juvenile, published only three months ago, has already reached twenty-five thousand. What a career!



Strange Whim

"FUNNY things ya see in this game," our cabdriver said Monday morning. "F'rinstance, I'm drivin' along Fifty-second Street one night, see, and there's this guy standin' on the sidewalk with a dame, and he flags me. So I pull up and open the door, but no, that won't do. This guy says to me, 'Get out and put your coat down on the street for the lady to step on.' I figure what the hell, it's good for a tip, see, on account I see this guy's had a coupla drinks, so I get out and put my coat down, and this dame gets in the cab, and the guy gets in, and off we go, and sure enough he tips me a buck. But what *I* don't get," said our cabdriver, turning around and looking at us earnestly, "what *I* don't get is where the hell the guy ever picked up a crazy idea like that."

Consular Activity

OUR favorite organization just now is the Society of Foreign Consuls in New York. It avows as its purpose the promotion of international friendship, which we favor, and its roster contains some of the nicest names we know of: Hon. Count Charles de Ferry de Fontnouvelle, of France; Hon. Tsunechi Yü, of China; Hon. Constantine Pop-Attanassoff, of Bulgaria; and Hon. Jindrich Starch, of Czechoslovakia. It is one of the most exclusive fraternities in town, the only eligibles being the fifty-four consuls general in the city. At all gatherings the members try to avoid speaking anything but English, and all international animosities are supposed to be thrown overboard. Without the society, the consuls feel, they wouldn't get to know each other at all, and they have quite a few things in common and are gregarious fellows by nature. Sir Harry Armstrong, the then British Consul General in New York, led in the formation of the society in 1925. There is a volume of bylaws (which doesn't say much) on file at the Public Library. Dues are $20 a year. The president now is the present British Consul General, Sir Gerald Campbell. Each year there are several luncheons and dinners, and a couple of formal dances at the Ritz-Carlton. Until two years ago the luncheon and dinner meetings used to be held on the liner Majestic, but since the State

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Liquor Authority took to taxing liners for serving drinks on such occasions, these functions have been held ashore.

The first meeting this year was held at the Union Club one midday late in November, and the Japanese Consul General, the Hon. K. Wakasugi, wasn't present, although China was represented. We asked Sir Gerald flatly about this and he said he thought Mr. Wakasugi would have come if he hadn't had a previous engagement. "He's busy attending a lot of meetings right now," Sir Gerald told us. The Spanish Consul wasn't present either, and Sir Gerald said he hadn't heard of his being around town lately and thought he might have gone away. One item of business at the meetings is usually discussion of opinions handed down by various American governmental departments clarifying or amplifying new legislation affecting nationals of other countries. Not infrequently one bureau will say one thing and another bureau something else, and the conflicting rulings have been known to keep the gathering in jovial good humor for forty minutes. The society has on occasion also functioned as a protective organization. One time a swindler took to calling up the consuls, saying he was an American naval officer just arrived on his ship from Buenos Aires, where another American naval officer, who had once been stationed in the consul's country, had given him a package for delivery to the consul in New York; the duty came to $20, and would the consul kindly leave the amount with his secretary and give it to the boy who was arriving with the package? When opened, the parcel was found to contain old newspapers and used sacking. The scheme worked with several of the consuls but got snarled up at the Swiss consulate, whose government is notoriously disregarded in naval matters. Mr. Victor Nef, the Swiss Consul, reported the matter at the next meeting, and that was the end of the scheme.

Recipe

A WISTFUL housewife was sitting in a plushy Madison Avenue employment agency, waiting to interview cooks and dreaming of that theoretically not impossible one who might achieve perfect soufflés, when she saw on a table several new copies of a book called "The Swedish Princess's Cook Book"—put there, presumably, in the hope of making quick sales to ladies in just her frame of mind. She started to leaf through the volume and the first recipe that caught her eye was one headed "Roast Saddle of Reindeer." She hired the very first applicant, an Irish woman who said she was a good plain cook.

Widgets

HAVING read from time to time newspaper stories about the mystery of the disappearing widgets at the Stock Exchange, we decided last week to go down to Wall Street and find out for ourselves what it's all about. Widgets are tiny wooden cylinders which carry orders and reports of sales through the Exchange's pneumatic-tube system, and they have been disappearing at the rate of nine thousand a month. This is of no great moment financially, since widgets sell in bulk for $12 a thousand, but it's eerie, and the Exchange people would like to know what's going on. The most plausible theory is that brokers, receiving a message via widget, absent-mindedly stuff the widget into their pocket instead of returning it; a broker who wasn't particular about the set of his coat might secrete half a dozen widgets a day, emptying them onto his bureau top at night. Nobody knows for sure if that's what happens, but it's likely.

There's a lot more widget lore than you'd believe possible. The name, for instance. "Widget" is a word that was coined by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly twelve or fourteen years ago in the play "Beggar on Horseback." Somebody asked a prosperous manufacturer in the play what it was he manufactured, and the fellow replied, "Widgets." When the pneumatic-tube system was installed at the Exchange in 1917, the widgets were called "tube

"Does this play have scenery?"

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carriers." It was a financial writer, in a rare sportive mood, who later gave them the nickname. The Stock Exchange librarian, Mrs. Meredith, investigated the word recently and found it in Weseen's Dictionary of American Slang, published in 1934—"Widget: an indefinite substitute name for any appliance or device." Or, as they now say at the Exchange, "A widget is a gadget."

Widgets are manufactured by several competing companies, which submit sealed bids for orders to the Exchange's Division of Supply. They come in three colors—natural maple, red, and blue; the colors have no significance. They have to be breakable, or else when they got out of shape with wear they'd clog up the pneumatic tubes. They travel on the main floor of the Exchange at an average speed of 15 M.P.H. Upstairs, in the ticker-operating room, they travel in vacuum tubes at 45 M.P.H. Once, during a trial run, a widget went 465 feet in 4.2 seconds—75 M.P.H. Since 1917 the Exchange has used up 30,000,000 widgets, which is almost one for every family in the United States.

Uprising

IN the course of her Christmas shopping last week, Miss Joan Crawford dropped into Dunhill's. An attaché in a snuff-colored tobacconist's jacket took charge and led her to a counter in the rear of the shop, where he commanded an under-secretary to exhibit the platinum watches for gentlemen's evening wear. Suddenly the door of the shop burst open and hell broke loose: the place was filled with natives screeching for autographs. The attaché acted as England would expect any man to act under such circumstances. With the most frigid dignity he asked the intruders to step along, but the uprising was out of hand from the start and he was merely knocked aside. Still he clung to his diplomatic formula, repeating over and over through clenched teeth, in a sort of Reginald Gardiner rage, "Step along, please! Step *along*, please. *Step along —please!*" A fan yelled at Miss Crawford, "Say, dearie, didn't you have to take off a lot of weight for 'The Bride Wore Red'?" The attaché, purple now, and with his hair in his eyes, screamed back at the woman, "Of *course* she didn't!"

Fireside Films

THE gruesome touch, lacking at so many hearthstones in the sleepy past, is now being provided for through the flourishing business of the miniature newsreel for the home. You needn't be content any more with a fleeting glimpse in the theatre of swift, appalling horror in Madrid; if you are one of the million and a half people in the country with home movie projectors, you can ask in a few friends, gather the children around, and run off your own newsreel over and over, with the sound

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(if you are equipped for it) turned down to medium horrible. We learned of this new fireside fancy while investigating an advertisement of Mogull's, 1944 Boston Road, New York City, which said, "Sino-Japanese War Pictures Uncensored. Gruesome Shanghai Bombing. Actual Uncensored War Pictures Just Flown In. Stark! Vivid! Bombings, Panics, Waterfront Fires, etc." It turned out that Mogull's is only a retail outlet for these films and that the kingpin in the business is one Eugene W. Castle, former Gaumont cameraman, former Marine gunnery sergeant, the head of Castle Films, Inc., with offices in Rockefeller Center.

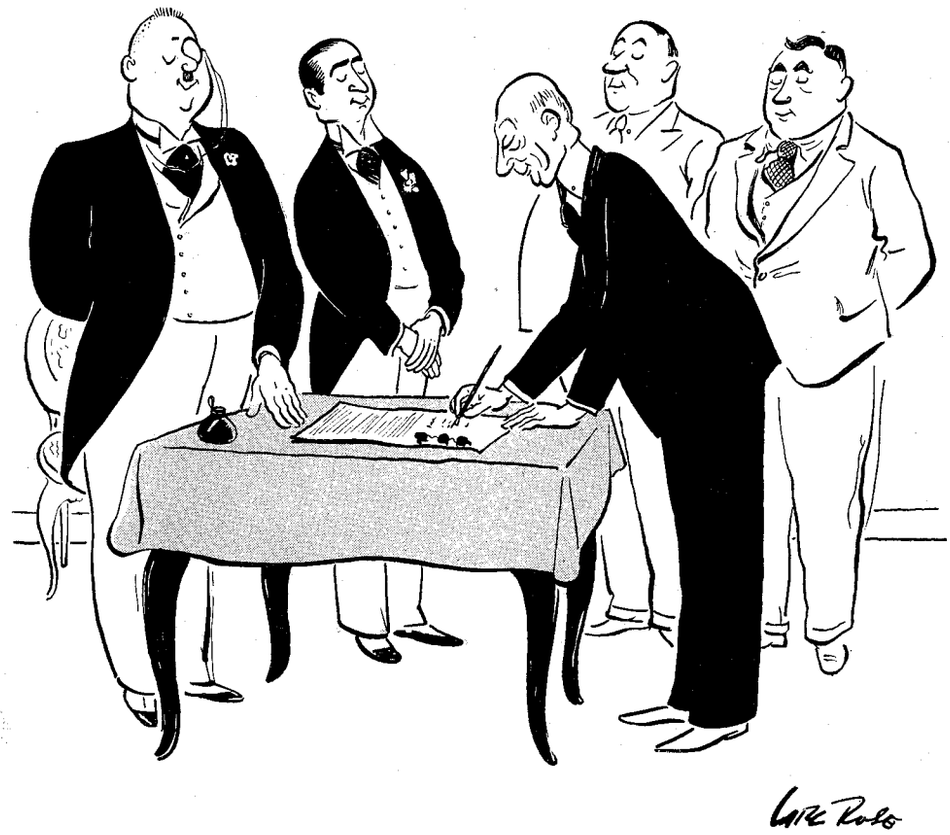
Mr. Castle is a vigorous man who talks at the top of his voice all the time, like a Marine sergeant in the cinema, and we had no trouble getting his story. For seventeen years he has been in special branches of the film industry—educational films, pep films to make salesmen sell more of what they're selling, advertising films. Last year he got the idea of newsreels for the living room, having in mind the vast number of home projection machines made necessary by the craze for amateur movies. It was then he started for the upper brackets. He got together with two newsreel companies and made arrangements to make prints from their films, in both 16- and 8-mm. sizes. He was busy at work on a reel of the Coronation when the Hindenburg burned in full view of a movie camera, and he had to zing into that and make it Release No. 1 of "News Parade, the First Home Newsreels in History." That sold like sixty and so did the Coronation when it came along a few weeks later, and there wouldn't have been any headache at all if he hadn't followed up with a "Life of King Edward," which laid an egg. He's stuck with two million feet of it at the moment and bellows every time he thinks of it. "It's a damn historical, interesting picture," he says, "and people ought to buy it." He thinks it would have gone if he'd called it "Wally and David," or maybe "The Romance of the Century."

We found Mr. Castle as surprised as we were over the home-circle interest in the hyper-gruesome, and learned that he deplored the lurid wording of the Mogull advertisement. He pointed out that he himself had censored the films, omitting the worst details because no home, especially with children in it, would want to show them. Mr. Castle told us that in addition to current news, he plans to release sports reels, travel films, and old-time movies (such as the Fatty Arbuckle-Mabel Normand comedy, "Cast Adrift—and Why"), and also that all the home films afford great opportunities for jokes. A friend of his in New Rochelle, he says, cut the Coronation reel at the actual instant of crowning and inserted a few feet of himself crowning his little boy in the back yard of his home, and got quite a laugh. "Some people thought his sense of humor was screwy," shouted Mr. Castle, "but he thought it was funny, and so did I."

Assembly Line

ONLY one of the many 'twas-the-night-before-Christmas stories we heard this year seems worth printing. This is about a young father whose sons, aged four and six respectively, each asked Santa Claus for a fire engine, the kind you can get in and pedal. The fire engines were ordered from one of the big department stores—we won't say which one—and arrived a few days before Christmas in a big crate, which was put away unopened. Late Christmas Eve, when the boys were finally asleep, the father and his wife opened the crate and found not complete fire engines but envelopes full of nuts and bolts, and innumerable red-painted parts, no one of which was bigger than a man's hand. It was then one o'clock in the morning. This fellow used to be an aviator and, naturally, knows a good deal about machinery, but after two hours of struggling with the bolts and nuts and pieces of iron he had to admit defeat. Grimly, he put the whole mess in a clothes basket and set out, at three in the morning, to find somebody who could help him. A taxi-driver told him he thought there was an all-night toy place on upper Broadway. At 110th Street, sure enough, there was an open toy store, and a clerk who knew how to assemble fire engines. The father got back downtown at four, with two assembled fire engines and a taxi fare of $4.45. His sons didn't wake till almost five, so all was well.

The store, when our man complained about the unassembled fire engines, was apologetic but firm in its refusal to refund the $4.45. However, in a rather disorganized gesture of good will, it did send two more fire engines, unassembled.



Mayor Hague Signs a Pact Creating the Newest International Understanding, Hereafter to Be Known as the Rome-Berlin-Jersey City Axis

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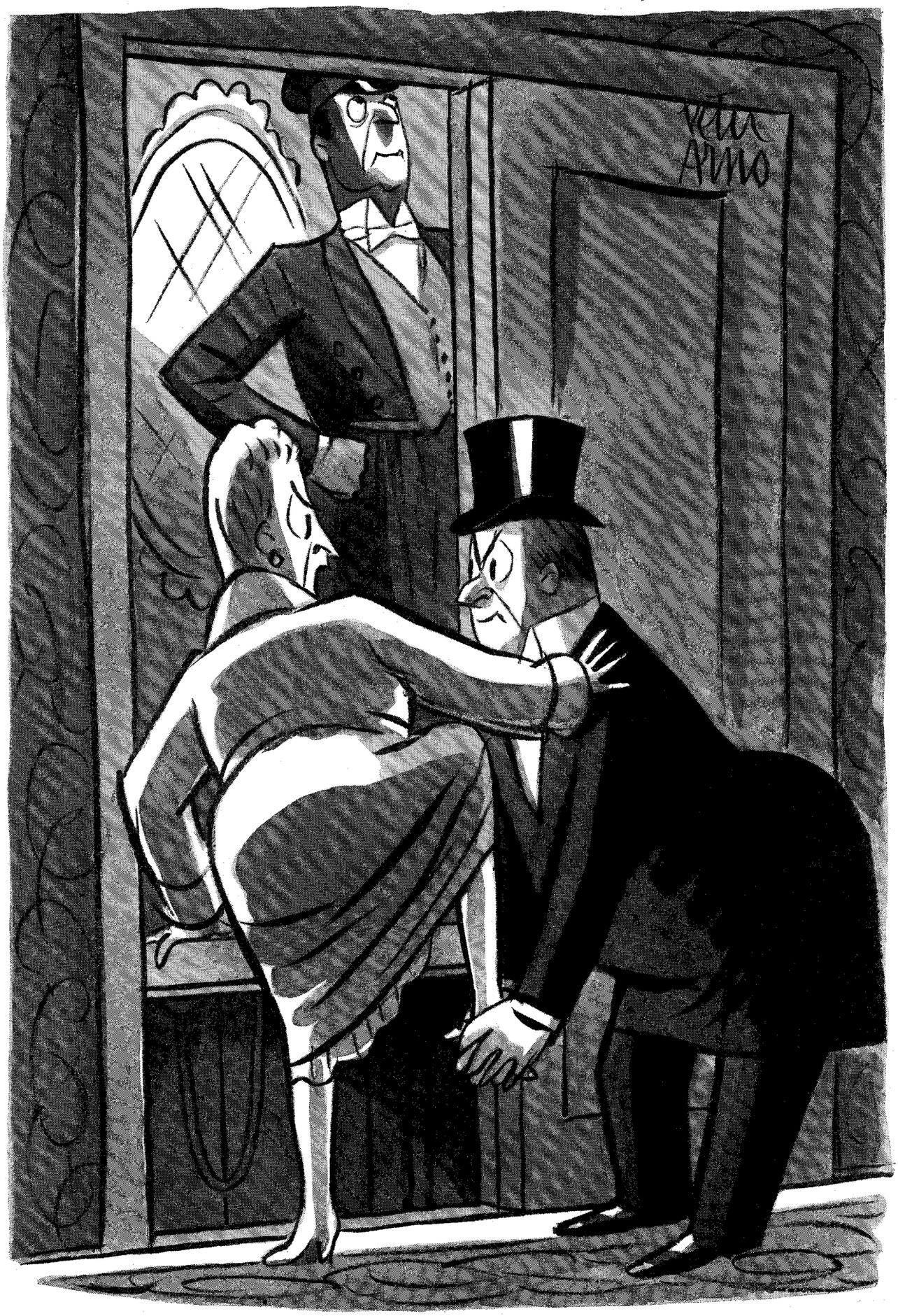

"I told you we should have given them something for Christmas."

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HOMECOMING

IT was nearly dark, and Jordan Smith, walking along with his eyes on the ground, came to a stretch of sidewalk where the snow had not been scraped off but was packed hard and icy. He looked up and, a trifle surprised, saw that he had come to the Farrels'. There were lights in the downstairs windows and the house was just as he had remembered it. Yet there was something wrong, something that made him stand doubtfully at the edge of the walk that had not been tended to.

He had come back to Watertown to spend Christmas with his family—with his father and mother, and his two brothers, who were both younger than he was and not quite grown. But they were not entirely the reason for his wanting to come home. Before he went away, he used to be with Tom and Ann Farrel a great deal of the time. So much, in fact, that it used to annoy his mother, and she would ask him occasionally why he didn't pack his things and go move in with the Farrels. And there was nothing that he could say; no way that he could explain to his mother that Farrel and Ann had somehow filled out his life for him and balanced it. They were the first friends that he had ever had. And the best, really. For that reason it would not do for him to go back to New York without seeing Farrel. He had never even meant to do that. But he had hoped to run into Farrel somewhere about town, coming or going. He had hoped that he wouldn't have to face Farrel in his own house now that Ann was not here. Now that Ann was dead, Jordan said to himself as he turned in and made his way up to the porch. He rang the bell twice. After a time the door opened slowly and a rather small boy looked out at him.

"Hello," Jordan said. "I've come to see your father, Timothy. Is he home?"

The boy shook his head. With a feeling which he was ashamed to recognize as relief, Jordan stepped across the sill into the front hall and the door closed behind him.

"How soon do you expect your father?" he said.

"Pretty soon."

"How soon is that?"

"I don't know." The boy seemed to be waiting stolidly until Jordan had proved himself friend or enemy.

"I expect you don't remember me. It's been three years since I left Watertown. You weren't so very old then."

Jordan had not meant to stay, but he found himself taking off his overcoat and his muffler and laying them across the newel post. The last time he had come here, Ann had met him at the door and her face had lighted up with pleasure. "It's Jordan," she had said. Even now, after three years, he could hear her voice and her pleasure at the sight of him. "Here's Jordan, Tom. He's come to say goodbye."

The front hall and the living room were both strangely still. Forgetting that he was not alone, Jordan listened a moment until the oil furnace rumbling away to itself in the basement reassured him.

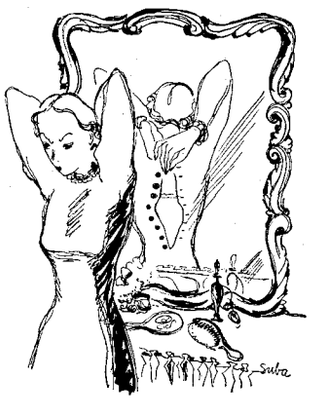
"I can't stay," he said aloud to Timothy. On the hall tree was an old battered gray hat of Farrel's. Jordan started to hang his new brown one beside it, and then he changed his mind. With the hat still in his hand, he followed Timothy into the living room. There was a Christmas tree in the front window, with red balls and silver balls and tinsel and tin foil in strips hanging from it, and strand upon strand of colored lights that were not lighted. Under the tree Timothy's presents were still laid out, two days after Christmas, in the boxes they had come in: a cowboy hat, a toy revolver, a necktie and handkerchiefs, a giant flashlight, a book on scouting.

"Santa Claus must have been here," Jordan said.

Timothy did not consider, apparently, that this remark called for any answer. He waited a moment and then announced, "You're Jordan."

"That's right—Jordan Smith. But I didn't think you'd remember me."

He looked at the boy hopefully, but Timothy's face remained grave and a little pale, just as before. Jordan went over to the square, heavy, comfortable chair which was Farrel's favorite and sat down in it, and Timothy



settled himself on the sofa opposite. For lack of anything better to do, Jordan took his hat and began to spin it, so that the hat went around wildly on his finger.

"You've grown, Timothy. You must have grown at least five or six inches since I saw you last."

Timothy crossed one foot over the other in embarrassment, and dug at the sofa with his heels.

"If this keeps up, we'll have to put weights in your pockets," Jordan said, and his eyes wandered past Timothy to the china greyhounds, one on either side of the mantel. "They're Staffordshire," Ann used to tell him proudly. "And if anything happened to them, I wouldn't want to go on living." Well, Jordan thought to himself—well, there they are. Nothing has happened to them. And the hat spun off the end of his finger and landed on the rug at his feet.

"Now look what I've done!" he exclaimed as he picked the hat up and placed it on Timothy's head. The hat came down well over Timothy's ears, and under the brim of it Timothy's eyes looked out at him without any eyebrows. This time Timothy was amused.

"It's too big for me," he said, smiling, and placed the hat on the sofa beside him.

"Now that it's dark outside," Jordan suggested, "why don't we light the tree?"

"Can't," Timothy said.

"Won't it light?"

Timothy shook his head.

"Get me the screwdriver, then."

A change came over Timothy. For the first time his face took on life and interest. "What do you want the screwdriver for?" he asked.

"Get me one," Jordan said confidently, "and I'll show you."

AS soon as Timothy was out of the room, Jordan got up and went over to the fireplace. The greyhounds needed dusting, but there was nothing the matter with them. Not a crack or a chip anywhere. Jordan put them down again carefully and turned, hearing a slight disturbance outside. The *Evening Herald* struck the side of the house. It was a sound that he had never heard anywhere but in Watertown. He remembered it so perfectly that he couldn't believe that he had been away. Except for Ann, he said to himself as he made his way around the Christmas tree to the front window—except for her, everything was exactly

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the same. He had come home. He was here in this house that he had thought so much about. And, strangely, it was no satisfaction to him whatever.

Outside, the snow had begun again. Watching the paper boy wheel his bicycle down the icy walk, Jordan wondered why he had not stayed in New York over the holidays; why it was that he had wanted so much to come home. For weeks he had been restless, uneasy, and unable to keep from thinking of home. At night he could not sleep for walking up and down these streets, meeting people that he had known, and talking to them earnestly in his mind. Now that he was here, he didn't feel the way he had expected to feel. People were awfully nice, of course, and they were pleased to see him, but it was no kind of a homecoming. Not without Farrel and Ann. Wherever he went he found himself mentioning her, without meaning to especially. And it shocked him to see that people did not care about her any more. They had grown used to her not being here. Some of them—one or two, at least—complained to him about Farrel. They liked Farrel, they said. You couldn't help liking Tom Farrel. They still enjoyed having a drink with him every now and then. And there was no question but that Ann's death was a terrible loss to him. But if she had lived, the doctor said, she would never have been well, probably. And it was a year and a half since she had been rushed to the hospital in the middle of the night, to be operated on. Tom ought to begin now to get over it. He was nursing his grief, people said.

Jordan broke off a strip of tinsel from the Christmas tree, for no particular reason, and started with it for the kitchen. At the door of the dining room he met Timothy with the screwdriver. There was a woman with him also—a tired, tall woman with gray hair that was parted in the middle, and an uncompromising look about the corners of her mouth. Jordan nodded to her.

"I'm Mrs. Ives," the woman said. "What do you want with the screwdriver?"

"I want to fix the tree," Jordan explained, realizing suddenly why it was that Farrel had taken her for a housekeeper. If Farrel had got a younger woman and a more sympathetic one, there would have been talk. "Timothy says the lights don't work, and if we have a screwdriver we can tell which one is burnt out."

"Oh," the woman said. "In that case, I guess it's all right. You come to see Mr. Farrel, didn't you?"

"Yes." Jordan could see that she was trying to make up her mind whether or not she ought to ask who he was; whether it would be polite.

"Will Mr. Farrel be home soon?" he asked.

"Sometimes he comes right home from the office, and sometimes he doesn't." She answered Jordan's question patiently, as if it had already been asked a great many times. As if it were a foolish question, and one that nobody knew the answer to. "Mostly he doesn't come home till later."

"I see." Jordan turned to Timothy, who was tugging at his sleeve. Together they dragged a straight chair across the room from the desk to the Christmas tree. Jordan balanced himself on the chair and unscrewed the first bulb. Then he looked around for the housekeeper. She was not there any longer. She had gone back to the kitchen. "I may not be able to wait," he said, and handed the little red bulb to Timothy, who was standing below him. When Jordan applied the screwdriver to the socket, nothing happened. The lights did not go on. "It wasn't that one," he said.

Timothy handed the light back to him.

"No, sir," Jordan said, looking down at him thoughtfully. "It certainly wasn't."

Nor was it the second bulb, or the third, or the fourth. All of the lights on the first strand were good, apparently. As Jordan started on the second strand, he asked in what he hoped was a casual way, "Do you like Mrs. Ives?"

"She's all right," Timothy said. And he looked down then, as if Jordan had made a mistake and would after a second

"The Hon. Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Your Honor: Seeing in the stars a solution for the city's traffic problems, the new city charter, and many other questions of present-day importance, I take the liberty . . ."

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realize it. They did not speak for a time, but Jordan went on handing the bulbs to Timothy and testing the sockets with his screwdriver. When Timothy had no bulb to hold, he untwisted the wires with his hands. Quite suddenly, when Jordan came to the third bulb from the end, the whole tree blazed into light.

"It was that one!" he exclaimed, and took the new yellow bulb which Timothy held up to him. There was a moment when the lights went off again, but Jordan screwed the yellow bulb into the socket; then the lights came on and stayed on.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Fine," Timothy said, with the lights shining red and blue on his face.

Jordan stepped down from the chair and surveyed the tree from top to bottom. He could go now. There was no reason for him to stay any longer.

"When you grow up, Timothy," he said, "we'll go into the business." Then he picked his hat up from the arm of the sofa where Timothy had been sitting. "O.K?"

"O.K.," Timothy said.

"Don't forget, then."

JORDAN went out into the front hall and took his scarf from the newel post. He listened for the whir and rumble of the furnace, but this time it was not enough. Now that the Christmas tree was lighted, the house was even more unnaturally quiet. Up and down the street, in other houses, people would be sitting down to dinner, but Mrs. Ives had not yet turned the dining-room light on, and the dining-room table was not even set. It seemed wrong to go away and leave a child alone here, in this soundless house. Timothy was standing in the living room, watching him, and did not appear to be upset. But when he left, Jordan thought—what would happen to Timothy *then?*

He wound the scarf round his throat and held it in place with his chin until he had worked himself into his overcoat. When he had finished and was drawing on his gloves, he said brightly, "Smith and Farrel, Fixers of Plain and Fancy Christmas Trees."

Timothy was looking right at him, but there was no telling whether the boy had heard what he said. It seemed rather as if he hadn't. "Do you have to go?" Timothy said.

"I'm afraid I do." Jordan was about to make up a long, elaborate, and convincing excuse, but there were footsteps outside on the porch, and both of them turned in time to see the door thrown open. A man stood in the doorway, with snow on his shoulders and the evening paper clasped tightly under one arm.

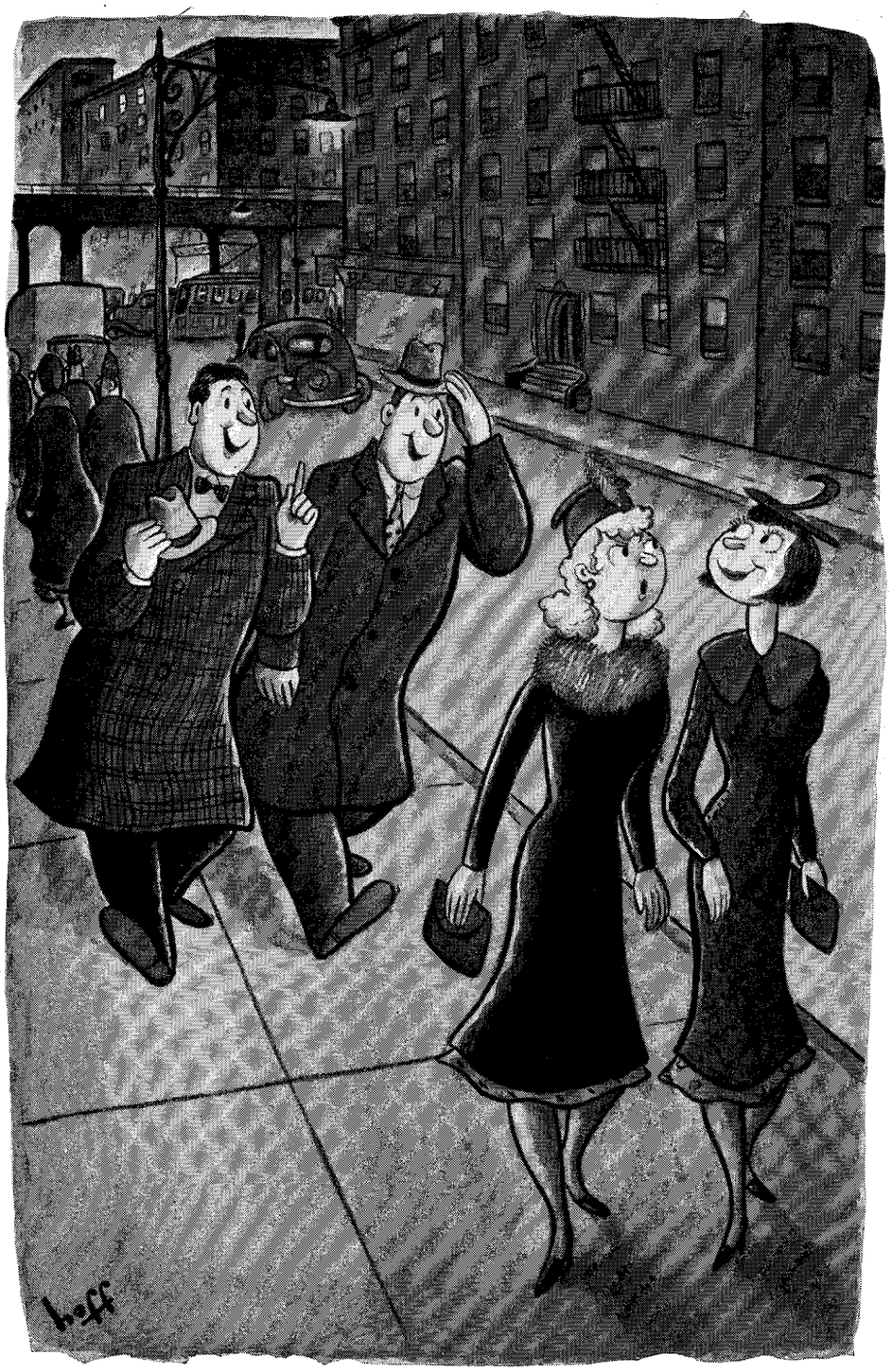
"Jordan," he said, "for Christ's sake!"

"Sure," Jordan said, nodding.

"But I've been looking for you all over town!"

Jordan braced himself as the man caught at him slowly with his eyes, and with his voice, and with his two hands.

"And I've been right here," Jordan said helplessly, "all the time." —WILLIAM MAXWELL



"Now don't kill it by looking anxious."

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NIGHT, YOUTH, PARIS, AND THE MOON

ANNOYED with the world, I took a studio in Hampstead. Here I resolved to live in utter aloofness, writing and dreaming, until the world should approach me on its knees.

The studio was large and high; so was the rent. Fortunately, my suit was made to wear forever and I had a great weakness for cheap food, especially herrings. I lived here happily and frugally, pleased with the vast and shadowy room, the little kitchen, the bathroom, the tiny garden, and even with the damp path, sad with evergreens, that led to the street beyond. I saw no one. My mood was that of a small bomb, but one which had no immediate intention of going off.

Although I had no immediate intention of going off, I was unable to resist buying a large trunk, which I saw standing outside a junkshop. I was attracted by its old-fashioned appearance, by its size, by its curved lid, and most of all by a remark on the part of the dealer, who stood despondently in the disillusioned doorway of his shop. "A thing like that," said he, "is always useful."

I paid four pounds and had the large black incubus taken to my studio on a handbarrow. There I stood it on a little gallery which, for no reason, ran along the farther end.

Now I had no money left; I felt it necessary to sublet my studio. This was a wrench. I telephoned the agents; soon they arranged to bring a client of theirs, one Stewart Musgrave, an artist, to inspect my harmless refuge. I agreed, with some reserve. "I propose to absent myself during this inspection. You will find the key in the door. Later you can inform me if my studio is taken."

Later they informed me that my studio was taken. "I will leave," I said, "at four o'clock on Friday. The interloper can come at four-thirty. He will find the key in the door."

Just before four on Friday, I found myself confronted with a problem. On letting one's studio, one locks one's clothes in a press reserved for the purpose. This I did, but was then nude. One has to pack one's trunk; I had nothing to put in it. I had bidden the world farewell. Here was my studio, sublet; there was the world. For practical purposes there is very little else anywhere.

The hour struck. I cut the Gordian knot, crossed the Rubicon, burned my boats, opened my trunk, and, for I am not a large man, climbed inside. At four-thirty the interloper arrived. With bated breath I looked out through the big old-fashioned keyhole. Here was a surprise! I had bargained for a young man of no personal attractions. Stewart Musgrave was a young woman of many.

She had a good look round, pulled out every drawer, peeped into every corner. She bounced herself on the big divan bed. She even came up onto the little, useless gallery, leaned over, recited a line or two of Juliet, and then approached my modest retreat. "I won't open you," she said. "There might be a body in you." I thought this showed a fine instinct. Her complexion was divine.

There is a great deal of interest in watching a lovely young girl who imagines herself to be alone in a large studio. One never knows what she will do next. It gives one a sense of mastery, power.

Before many days had passed, I loved her to distraction. The hell of it was, I had a shrewd suspicion she did not love me. How could she?

At night, while she slept in an appealing attitude, I crept downstairs and into the kitchen, where I cleaned up the crockery, her shoes, and some chicken I found in the icebox. "There is," she said later to a young woman visitor, "a pixie in this studio." "Leave out some milk," said her friend.

Everything went swimmingly. Nothing could have been more delicate than the unspoken love that grew up between the disillusioned, world-weary poet and the beautiful young girl-artist, so fresh, so natural, and so utterly devoid of self-consciousness.

On one occasion, I must admit, I tripped over the cor-

"Lambs Club."

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ner of a rug. "Who is there?" she cried.

"A mouse," I telepathed squeakingly, standing very still. She sank into sleep again.

She was more rudely put to sleep some days later. She came in, after being absent most of the evening, accompanied by a man to whom I took an immediate dislike. My instinct never fails me; he had not been in the studio half an hour before he gave her occasion to say, "Pray don't!"

"Yes," said he.

"No," said she.

"I must," said he.

"You mustn't," said she.

"I will," said he.

"You won't," said she.

A vestige of refined feeling would have assured him that there was no possibility of happiness between people so at variance on every point, but whatever his feelings were, they were not refined.

"Why did you bring me here?" said he with a sneer.

"To see my paintings," she replied, biting her lip.

"Well, then . . ."

"I thought you were a customer."

"I am. A tough customer." With that he struck her on the temple. She fell, mute, inanimate, crumpled.

"Damn it!" said he. "I've killed her. I've done her in. I shall swing. Unless —I escape."

I was forced to admire the cold logic of it. It was, momentarily, the poet's unreasoning prostration before the man of action, the worldling.

Quickly he undressed her. He flung her over his shoulder, retaining her legs in his grasp. He bore her up the stairs, onto the shadowy balcony. He opened the trunk and thrust her inside. "Here is a fine thing!" I thought. "Here she is, in this condition, alone with me, in my condition. If she knew she was dead, she'd be glad." The thought was bitter.

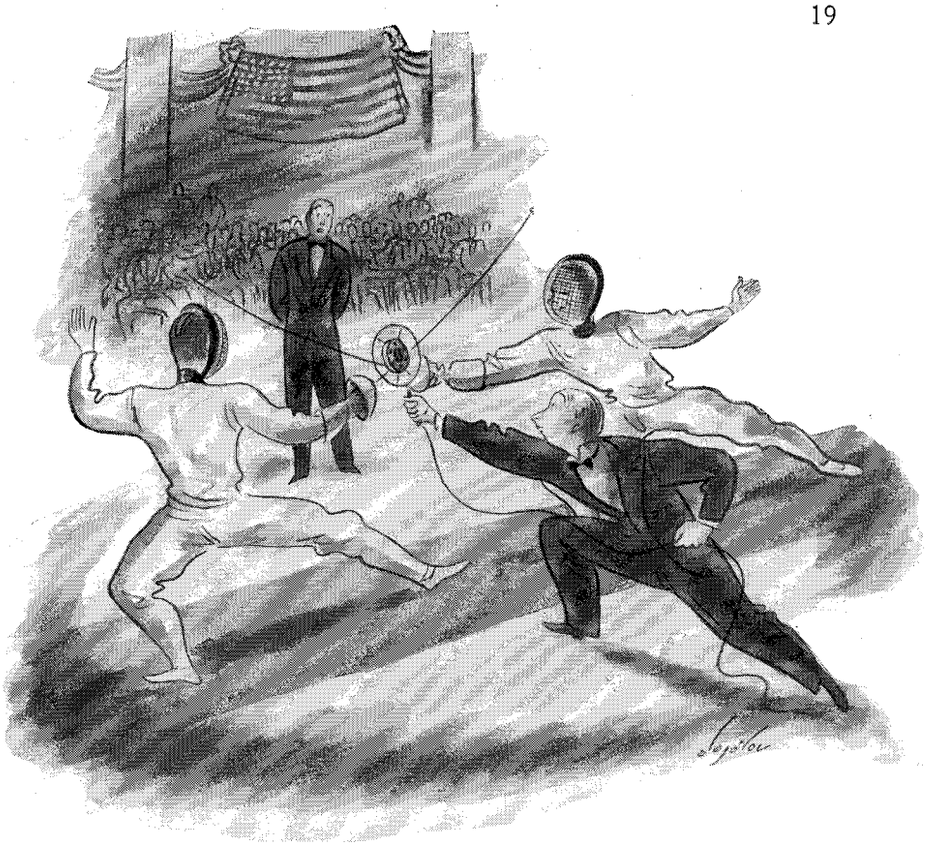
With the dawn he went for a taxi. The driver came in with him; together they bore the trunk to the vehicle waiting outside.

"Strewth, it's heavy!" said the driver. "What yer got in it?"

"Books," said the murderer with the utmost calm.

If I had thought of saying, " 'Paradise Lost,' in two volumes," I should have said it then and there, and this story would have come to an end. As it was, we were hoisted onto the cab, which drove off in the direction of Victoria.

A jet of cool air flowed through the air-hole. She, whom I had mourned as



dead, inhaled it and breathed a sigh. Soon she was fully conscious.

"Who are you?" she asked in alarm.

"My name," I said tactfully, "is Emily."

She said, "You are kidding me."

I said, "What is your name?"

She said, "Stewart."

I said, "Then I am Flora MacDonald."

She said, "You make everything sound just like 'Alice Through the Looking-Glass.' "

That was my purpose. I wanted to reassure her. Soon I alluded to my love.

She said, "I would rather die."

I said, "In a sense you have died already. Besides, I am your pixie. And perhaps it is only a dream. I expect he will take us to Paris."

"It is true," she said, "that I have always dreamed of a honeymoon in Paris."

"The Paris moon!" I said. "The bookstalls on the *quais!* The little restaurants on the Left Bank!"

"The Cirque Médrano!" she cried.

"L'Opéra!"

"Le Louvre! Le Petit Palais!"

"Le Bœuf sur le Toit!"

"Darling!" she cried.

We were in absolute raptures; we heard the ticket being taken for Paris. We were registered. It was next door to being married, and we laughed at the rolling of the vessel. Soon, however, we were carried up an endless flight of stairs.

"*Qu'est que c'est—dans la boîte?*" asked the hotel porter.

"*Livres,*" said the murderer, with the utmost sang-froid.

" '*Paradis Retrouvé,*' *une édition complète,*" I whispered, and was rewarded with a kiss.

Alone, as he thought, with his lifeless victim, the murderer sneered. "H'ya keeping?" said he coarsely as he approached the trunk.

He lifted the lid a little and thrust his head within. While yet he blinked, we seized the lid from within and brought it down with a crash.

"*La Guillotine?*" I said cuttingly.

"*Les Defarge!*" observed my adored one, knitting her brows.

"*Vive la France!*"

We stepped out; we put him inside. I removed his clothes and put them on. With a sheet from the bed, the bell rope, and a strip of carpet from before the washstand, she made a fetching Arab lass. Together we slipped into the street.

Night! Youth! Paris! And the moon!

—JOHN COLLIER

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LITERARY NOTE

Walter Savage Landor
Never used and/or.

—M. C.

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE MIDGETTES

IF you were living in New York during the booming nineteen-twenties and were listed in the New York telephone directory as having a Fifth, Park, or Madison Avenue address, the chances are that you received a letter from the Midgettes. And no matter how many letters of solicitation you may have received before or since, it would be safe to give odds on the fact that if you received a letter from the Midgettes, you still remember it.

In going through some old papers recently, I came across my own Midgette correspondence, which I had carefully preserved. In 1928, when the world was a rising market and a Fifth Avenue address gave me a preferred place on all sucker lists, I received the first letter. It was postmarked Kitty Hawk, N.C., July 28; it was addressed in longhand and was marked "personal." The letter was also in longhand, and here it is in full:

We know you will be surprised to receive a letter from us so we will first introduce ourselves to you. We are two girls 18 and 20 years old and our father is a local minister here. As father's salary is very small and there is no way of earning money here, we are writing to ask if you have ever eaten any real Southern yam sweet potatoes? We have some that are so sweet the syrup stands in the pan where they are baked. Won't you please allow us to send you some when we dig the new ones in September? It will help us out so much, and we will be pleased to send you a nice hamper for five dollars or a barrel for ten dollars (a barrel weighs 165 lbs.) If you don't care for the yams, perhaps you will allow us to send you a *large* box of fresh holly and mistletoe by P. P. prepaid for five dollars at the coming Christmas holidays. And if you don't care to send us the money, we will appreciate very much any clothing you may send us that you will no longer use for mother is used to making over garments. A friend of yours gave us your address but asked us not to mention her name. *Please* write to us *real* soon. With all good wishes, your friends,

NANNIE MAE and
THELMA IRENE MIDGETTE

While registering the normal resentment against any friend who would give my name to a potato peddler, I was duly impressed by such enterprise coming out of the deep South. The letter had every earmark of authenticity—it was written in longhand, in a rather childish script; it was on cheap paper; and the envelope bore the printed return address of Rev. W. W. Midgette, Kitty Hawk, N.C. I dote on yams and had been able to buy nothing but stringy, mulatto-colored sweet potatoes in New York. Therefore I wrote promptly, sending a dollar for a few pounds as a sample—since a family of two and a kitchen of about seven by ten made either a hamper or a barrel of yams out of the question—and promised to buy more if they proved satisfactory.

The reply, which was prompt, courteous, and lengthy, was in longhand. In addition to thanking me for my small order, it informed me that the Midgettes lived forty-five miles from a town, their mail reaching them by boat, and that the other people in that neighborhood fished for a livelihood.

After this cordial reply, I really was "surprised" when a letter identical to the first one and in what appeared to be the same handwriting as the two previous letters, soliciting my patronage as if no order had been placed, arrived August 16th. The only difference was that the first had been addressed to "Mrs. Evelyn Miller Pierce," as my name then appeared in one part of the New York telephone directory, and the second to "Mrs. Alfred W. Pierce," as it appeared in another listing. The third letter, like the first, declared that a mysterious friend had given my name, but it seemed odd that he or she had failed to explain that Evelyn Miller Pierce and Mrs. Alfred W. Pierce were one and the same person. It seemed even odder that anyone writing longhand letters would be writing so many of them that she would forget she had written to and received an order from a person by the name of Pierce at that same address less than three weeks before.

Still puzzled, I mentioned the Midgette letters at a party a few nights later and discovered that two other persons present had received them. Both had been as touched and impressed as I had been; one had ordered yams, and the other, not wanting to be bothered with yams, had merely sent a check for five dollars to help out. Thereafter I went around New York asking all the people I met if they had heard from the Midgettes, and an astonishingly large number had. I never found anyone who reported having ignored them. Several had ordered yams, some had sent boxes of old clothes, and some had sent money without any order. Among the contributors were persons who liked to think of themselves as hardboiled cynics and to boast of their sales resistance. One reported that the Midgettes' letter had been forwarded to her in Manitoba and that she had sent her check without waiting to return to New York.

Research disclosed that the names of the Midgette contributors ranged through the alphabet from A to W. (I never discovered a Z.) One thing, and one thing only, could we find that we had in common. We all lived in New York and we were all listed in the New York telephone directory as having addresses on well-known streets. Obviously, the gals who lived forty-five miles from a railroad had made up their list from the New York telephone directory, however they might have come by it. But what stumped us all was the volume of those longhand letters. It seemed impossible that any two girls could have written so many. Surely, we decided, it must be a syndicate—perhaps a whole community of Midgettes, who had worked out this effective form letter and copied it furiously, day and night. Another thing that puzzled us was what the Midgettes did with all the old clothes which they must receive. Someone suggested that it was doubtless a clever racket, by which some merchant got old clothes for nothing and then sold them to the Negroes and poor whites of the South. The general agreement was that New Yorkers had once again proved they were the greatest suckers on earth, but that those longhand letters and the conversation we'd got out of them were worth the price. Whereupon we all dismissed the Midgettes from our minds, never expecting to hear from them again.

Strange as it may seem, with fall and the digging of the potato crop, everyone who had ordered yams received them. The mystery of how two girls could write so many longhand letters and what they could do with so many old clothes remained, but the theory that the Midgettes were swindlers blew up with the arrival of the first yam. It brought with it a glow of revived faith in human nature, a smug rejection of the charge that New Yorkers were such suckers after all—and more orders.

But this was just the beginning of

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"It's all right, Captain; I can quiet him down."

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the saga of the Midgettes, as far as I was concerned. Simultaneously with the arrival of my yams came a printed announcement of the marriage of Thelma Irene and a letter, in a new and mature handwriting, signed "Mrs. W. W. Midgette." Both of Mrs. Midgette's "little helpers" were now married, the letter said, but she was carrying on the business and would be glad to sell me more yams and five dollars' worth of holly at Christmastime. During the following summer I received an announcement of the arrival of Thelma Irene's eight-pound daughter, whose name was, of all things, Lorelei. And at intervals came longhand letters from Mrs. Midgette—never were there such longhand letter-writers as the Midgettes—announcing her seasonal wares and telling me of the trials of these laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

During this period, when the rest of us were riding toward the depression

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in special-built models, disaster was already being visited upon the Midgette ménage in true Old Testament fashion. The roof of the parsonage burned, Mrs. Midgette reported, Thelma Irene's young husband had to undergo a serious operation which left him unable to work, and he and his hospital bills and his wife and baby were added to the Midgette household. But the dauntless Mrs. Midgette went right on writing letters and selling yams and holly to sympathetic New Yorkers until New York's own bread lines and corner apple-sellers made us all lose concern over the plight of North Carolinians, even when described by the pen of a Midgette. This market, like a great many others, dried up completely, and the Midgettes were heard from no more.

DURING the depression years, when charter members of the Midgette contributors met to exchange woes, there was a good deal of conjecture about the famous letter-writing family. What had become of the Midgettes? Were they all on relief? Had the old clothes which they had received lasted throughout the depression? Had they been able to lay up a little nest egg to carry them through years which brought no yam or holly sales?

To satisfy my curiosity, I wrote to Mrs. Midgette. Her reply, dated September 7, 1937, brought the answers to my questions. She was surprised and pleased to hear from me and was happy to report on the state of her family and her work—still in longhand. They own their own home—a neat-looking two-story frame house, a kodak picture of which was enclosed—and have managed to hang onto it. The Reverend Midgette, who is now seventy years old, is an invalid. Both daughters are living away from home, after having had vicissitudes too numerous for me—but not for Mrs. Midgette—to mention. The grandparents have kept and reared little Lorelei, who is now eight years old. In addition, Mrs. Midgette, who is certainly a glutton for responsibility, adopted another little girl, and had a little boy from an orphans' home spending the summer with them.

It was unworthy of me, perhaps, but something impelled me to write to a newspaper published near Kitty Hawk and ask if anyone on the paper could give me information about Mrs. Midgette. It seems that she is well known around there, and when the paper learned that interest in her extended as far as New York it sent me a full report covering not only present conditions in the Midgette household but the whole career of its industrious head. Briefly, the story is this:

Chloe Midgette grew up in an orphanage in Roanoke, Virginia, where she evidently acquired, from contact with kind patrons of the institution, a grateful sense of the spirit of charity that stirs now and then in the breasts of the privileged classes, particularly at Yuletide. When she left the orphanage, at the age of sixteen, she went to Kitty Hawk and there married William Wellington Midgette, twenty years older than she, a good carpenter and sometime steamship captain who felt a call to preach the word of God. From superintendent of the Sunday school he rose eventually to the Methodist Episcopal pulpit. Meanwhile, as Mrs. Midgette has explained in her letters, his salary was small and she never seemed to be able to lay hands on enough money to buy the clothes she wanted for her little girls. It occurred to her that holly and mistletoe could be had around there for the picking, and she placed a small ad in a paper called *Comfort* offering them for sale at Christmas. This brought her orders amounting to seven dollars and gave her her start. Thereafter, she says, one customer would give her the names of other prospective customers (she still holds to that story) and she'd send out her incredible longhand letters. Later the girls were pressed into service to write the letters. Perhaps the idea of asking for

"A Mr. Quigley is waiting to see you about the oil contract. There's a Board of Directors' meeting at four. Your wife phoned . . ."

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old clothes was theirs; she doesn't say. She also omits to say whether it was luck in the matter of an introduction or a carefully thought-out plan which directed her to send her wares to the richest market in the world. She says merely that she did build up "quite a clientele until the depression stopped everyone from buying."

The newspaper correspondent confirms her story, and goes further. The business grew, he says, to the point where she had to hire schoolgirls to copy the letters by the dozen for her, and eventually she had the local job printer run them off in typewriter type by the thousand. Gradually she added other items to her line—yams, honey, fruitcake. Lightwood splinters, which burn at the touch of a match, proved popular for starting fires. She got them gathered for two dollars a barrel and sold them for eight. With her growing profits she bought ten acres of swamp land and had a plot filled in, on which she built a huge white house. Some weeks during the Christmas rush she banked as much as $1,200, and every year she bought a new car.

With the coming of prosperity, however, Mrs. Midgette evidently did not think it advisable to change her story. She was still the simple, lorn wife of a broken-down backwoods preacher, and when her daughters grew up and married and moved away she took in four orphans, who became "the children." Valiant was the word for Chloe.

The first real setback came in the winter of 1936, when Mrs. Midgette contrived a tale so heartbreaking that it back-fired. A lady in Philadelphia who had been a good customer received a letter saying that the Midgette family had a grocery bill of $410 outstanding, and begging aid in reducing it. It was not for her own sake that Chloe asked this, though she had had to give up the four children she had taken into her home because she was financially unable to keep them. (The newspaper correspondent says she sent them back to the institution in New York that had boarded them with her.) No, she was concerned more for the grocer who had extended her credit. He had a boy and girl in school who might have to be taken out, and Mrs. Midgette felt that if she could pay something on her bill it might help to keep them there. The lady in Philadelphia was so moved she enlisted the assistance of the Travelers Aid Society, which got in touch with the Dare County welfare board. The report came back that Mrs. Midgette was not in need and was, on the contrary, enjoying considerable prosperity. The case worker who investigated said that Mrs. Midgette had recently bought a Buick sedan and in general seemed to be leading a contented and at times rather gay life. Sheriff Vic Meekins ran a story of the affair in his weekly paper which Chloe Midgette resentfully declared contained twenty-one lies about her.

Today, our correspondent tells us, Mrs. Midgette is a recluse and has little to do with the townsfolk. He describes her as a large-boned, belligerent woman of about fifty, with hard blue eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles and a habit of dressing in drab gray calico. (It is difficult to associate this with a gay life.) Ike Davis, of the welfare board, and Sheriff Meekins are openly hostile; the Sheriff has repeatedly brought charges of bootlegging against her, but has never secured a conviction. All this apparently has not affected her business greatly outside her home town, though naturally she has felt the effects of the recession, like most of us. In her recent letter to me she admits that the past few years have been "an uphill proposition," but says she has managed, entirely by her own efforts—and this in spite of a back injury which required an operation—to keep her business going. She takes justifiable pride in the fact that they have never applied for relief. Actually, her scope seems to have been considerably expanded, for the little card which she enclosed lists many new items. Now she offers paper-shell pecans; "golden rod" honey; home-cured hams; barrels of pine cones and "fat lightwood" for kindling fires; homemade fruitcake; baskets made of native pine and cones; homemade bed quilts; native figs "preserved in their own syrup," as well as watermelon and citron conserve and preserved pears; cretonne pillows stuffed with pine needles; bed pillows made from home-picked goose and duck feathers; gourds "for hanging in trees for bird nests;" and old-fashioned hand-woven coverlets and hand-hooked rugs. Of course, not even Mrs. Midgette could make all of these things, but she explains that she now sells for her neighbors on commission.

It is evident that, unless Jehovah has stopped counting the fall of sparrows long enough to think up some new affliction to visit upon her, Mrs. Midgette, with her amplified list, has cleaned up again this season in the town where the big money is.

—Evelyn Miller Crowell

DR. BALDWIN

IT didn't seem at all peculiar at the time, but now, four weeks after, I begin to see how very odd it was. This is because, at least at the moment I am writing, we in Shanghai are coming back to normal. Of course it is not normal that so many of my friends are fleeing to Singapore and it is not normal that my servants must eat noodles instead of rice and complain of the stomach-ache it gives them, but at least we don't hear gunfire any more, and no longer do Japanese planes swoop over the Settlement to drop bombs just beyond the border—usually.

Even the memory of a lot of it is beginning to blur, but I don't think I'll ever forget the time I went to the dentist near Soochow Creek.

At five-thirty on an October afternoon I broke a front tooth. It wasn't a real front tooth; it was a porcelain crown, and so I was not in pain, but I didn't like it. Nobody would care to go around with a small gold swivel showing in the gap where a nice white tooth ought to be. Even in China, where they are not so particular about teeth, I was uncomfortable, and I refused to wait until next day to see about it, because after the insane fashion of Shanghai residents, I of course had a dinner date. Mary and I always had dinner dates during the crisis at Shanghai. There was something comforting about talking the matter over in large groups.

We telephoned dentists all around town, and none of them were in their offices and none of them were home. We called American and Swedish and Chinese and English dentists; there were none. Some of them were at hospitals—it had never occurred to me before that wounded soldiers might get the toothache—but others must have been at cocktail parties, for we telephoned until six-fifteen, to no avail.

IT was my intention when I began to tell this story to conceal one important point, but I see now that it must be told. This point relates to the manner in which I had broken my tooth, and I am ashamed of it, but unless I explain fully there will be some question in the minds of my readers as to why Russell Pong should have been willing to help me out of my predicament. These are the facts:

We have a gibbon, Mary and I. He is called Mr. Mills and he is very small, which may be why people insist upon calling him a monkey, thus annoying

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me a good deal. Monkeys are easy to come by, but silver gibbons are not. Besides, Mr. Mills has no tail, he doesn't scratch, he doesn't break things except in revenge, or imitate, or do anything monkeylike—except bite.

He is a complete success except that he sometimes bites people. Now, I have a theory that the only way to carry over an idea in animal-training is to make the animal see you as one of his own sort, as it were. In other words, one should make the punishment fit the crime, and that is how I broke my tooth. It was because of Mr. Russell Pong, a Chinese friend of ours who had called to pay his respects. Mr. Mills bit him without the slightest provocation, and so I bit Mr. Mills, forgetting in my enthusiasm about this porcelain crown. Therefore it was broken, and now we are back again where we started.

Russell Pong sat there politely listening to our frantic effort to get a dentist. At last he said, "I have one dentist in Jinkee Road. I am almost sure that he is at home. He is always at home."

I said, "Is he good?"

"He is splendid," said Russell. "He does all my family."

I looked at his teeth and was about to refuse as tactfully as possible, but Mary said, "Well, he wouldn't do anything important anyway, not at this time of night. All you want is to cement that old jacket crown back on for the evening until you can get to somebody good tomorrow. Why don't you go and try it?"

This was quite true, so I asked Russell to make the appointment. The dentist, it seemed, had no telephone; he was that kind of dentist. There was nobody else, simply nobody, and I almost gave up, but in the end we telephoned a girl who lives in Jinkee Road and asked her to send over her houseboy to make the appointment, and we waited fifteen minutes, and finally I had the appointment.

Dusk had almost fallen when Russell and I started out.

"But of course I must come with you," he had said. "You have hurt yourself in my defence!"

I got out my car and drove hastily, ignoring the sounds of battle, which had increased in strength after sunset. I remember that I was trying to explain my theory of ape-training to Russell, who is a scholarly type and considered my methods cruel.

"The thing you don't understand in ape mentality . . ." I was saying.

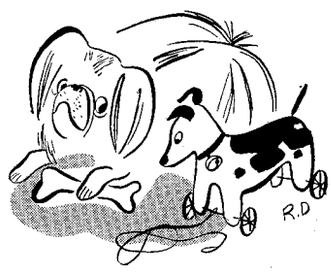
Whereupon we forgot all about gibbons. We were plunged into the middle of a jewel-filled atmosphere. Hissing, spitting tracer bullets and shells fell around us; the deep-blue air was like water in which swam glowing fish, always in parabolic curves. There was a general impression of sparkles, glitters, and crash. I stamped on the brake, so that the car skidded and then stood still in the middle of the street, its door swinging open, as we ran for cover. I remember a smell of sulphur, and how Jinkee Road presented a terrifyingly unfamiliar aspect of closed doors and shuttered windows, before a gate of iron grating opened just a little and somebody called in Chinese, out of the dark behind it, "Hurry up!"

We scrambled through the crack and the gate swung closed behind us, and we all stared at each other in the flashing, fragmentary light. The man who had opened the gate was some sort of coolie, and further back, where they could watch without being in too much danger, were other men and women and children, dressed like poor servants and such. The shadows of the gate bars moved and slipped past their features. We were in a deep, dark, long, narrow courtyard, surrounded by steep zigzag staircases and fire escapes with doors huddled beneath. Two or three bombs burst while we looked around at all this.

As our panting stopped, we began to laugh. It is always the first thing one does after an escape. The coolie people laughed, too, and Russell chattered with them. Outside it was quieter, save for the pingggg of one rifle bullet which was evidently travelling straight along Szechuen Road at right angles to Jinkee, singing as it went. Then the bombardment began again. Russell turned to me.

"They say we can get through to the dentist, through this building. It is all one house in this block," he explained. "Let us try."

A LITTLE girl in trousers led us up a rickety fire escape. We came to a second-story door and entered a long hall cluttered with rubbish and sleeping forms. After traversing this



we went downstairs again almost to the level of another courtyard, and then through a door with a lot of broken glass and into a gas-lit corridor of shabby green plush, and then at last to the dentist's own door. "F. BALDWIN" was in half-obliterated letters on the frosted glass. We rang a bell and waited a long time. The noise of the bombardment was now muffled.

"They ought to get their range soon," I whispered. "Isn't anybody at home here?"

Somebody pushed aside the cloth and peered at us, and then the door was opened, halted by a chain, closed again while the chain was taken off, and then at last flung wide. A Chinese boy in a dirty white pinafore took us through a pitch-dark room, very large, into a tiny three-cornered dentist's office. Nothing there was white save his pinafore and the shirtfront of the man who greeted us.

Russell evidently did not recognize this man, who was a tall, wrinkled Eurasian in shirtsleeves. "We wish to see Dr. Baldwin," he proffered timidly. A second white-pinafored boy hovered in the doorway. The only light came from a reading lamp on a buffet.

"*I* am Dr. Baldwin," said the man, smiling with his teeth. "What can I do for you?"

Russell laughed too loud. "Of course; it is your brother who I know."

"Yes," said the Eurasian. There was a silence. I was very sorry to have come.

"How *is* your brother?" asked Russell at last.

"He is dead," said the Eurasian in an even voice. "Died eight months ago."

"Oh." Russell was very much embarrassed and shocked. "Was—wasn't it very sudden? Was it heart disease?"

"Yes," said the Eurasian. "And what can I do for you?"

I cut in here. . "I think I'd better wait. If Mr. Pong's dentist isn't—isn't—"

"I also am a dentist," said Dr. Baldwin inexorably.

"Aren't these your brother's sons?" asked Russell. The Chinese boys shuffled their feet. The tall man gave that smile again.

"Yes. We are carrying on the practice. Is it your front tooth, Madam?"

There was nothing for it; I sat down in the worn leather chair and allowed myself to be lifted higher. Dr. Baldwin peered into my mouth gingerly, and when I gave him the two pieces of brok-

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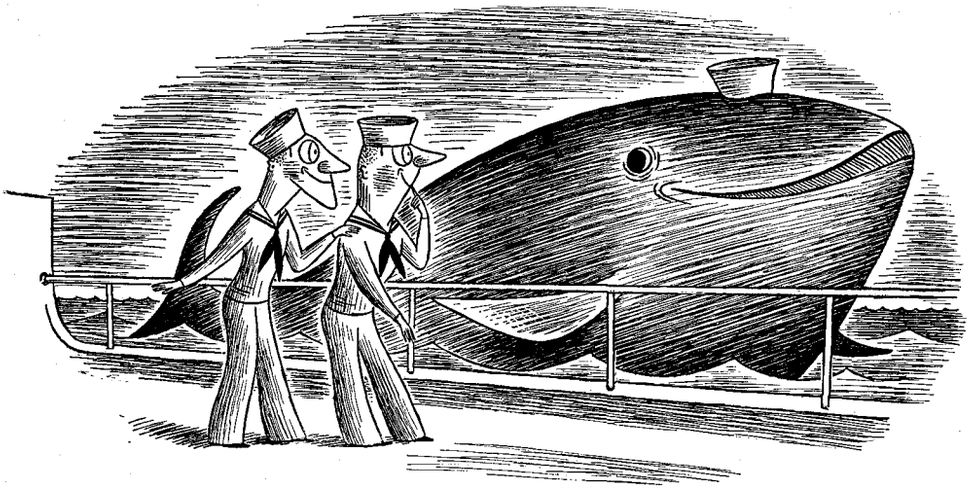
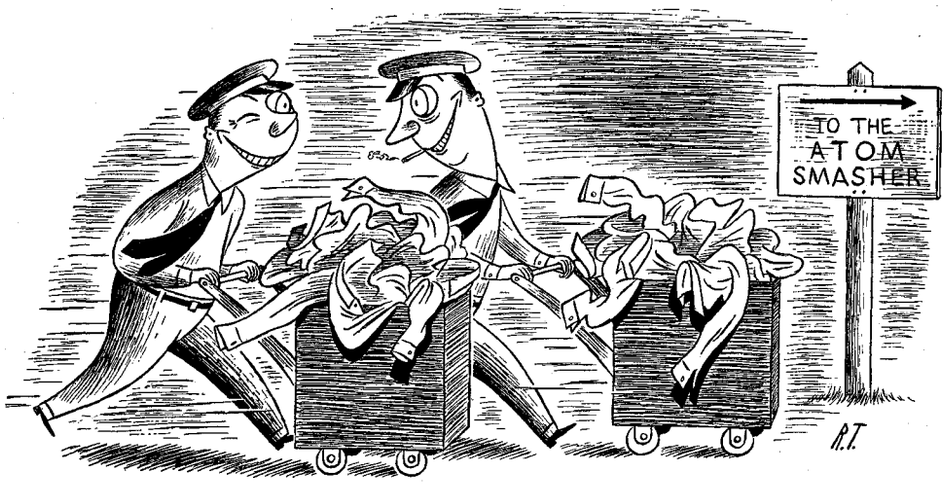
LIMERICKS LONG AFTER LEAR



A mother ship sailed from Niantic
To cruise, with her subs, the Atlantic.
In the course of her sail
She adopted a whale,
Which the Navy regards as romantic.

A credulous lady of Utica'll
Believe any ad pharmaceutical,
Though a little unmanned
By removing her hand,
When she planned on removing her cuticle.



A towering structure in Chatham
Was erected for smashing the atom;
But the laundry combine
Has found it is fine
For buttons and fasteners, drat 'em!

—Morris Bishop

• •

en porcelain he shook his head. "It wouldn't stay," he said. "You need a new one."

"I know, but if you'll just put it on for tonight, I—" Here I hesitated, and then lied nobly, "I could come back tomorrow and let you start work on the new one, do you see? But I've got to have this tonight. I'll be very careful and not bite on it."

Still doubtful, Dr. Baldwin the Second gave directions to the boys. While cement was being mixed, Russell made conversation, standing well back of the chair. "She broke it biting a monkey—I mean an ape," he said. "A gibbon it was, really."

"So?" said Dr. Baldwin, without interest. "Wider, please." He turned to the dusty cabinet and searched for another tool. Outside, the noise seemed to have ceased altogether.

"Where has your brother been buried?" asked Russell. And when he had been told that, he asked, "Under which name, foreign or Chinese?"

Dr. Baldwin hesitated and measured porcelain. "Chinese," he said after a second, and added, "Of course."

"Of course," said Russell hastily.

One of the boys had plastered my crown into place, and now there was nothing to do but wait, gaping, while it hardened. I saw that all the blinds were down and that the walls were covered with family photographs in ornate frames, photographs of very mixed-looking groups. But everything was so faded and dirty that I forgot how important my tooth was and wanted only to get out. I was permitted to do so at last.

We came out through a different door into Jinkee Road. Everything was quiet, and windows had been opened and doors unlocked. My car still waited in the middle of the street, untouched, its door swung open. Across Soochow Creek we heard bombs exploding.

"They've got the range," I said. Everything was fine. Whatever was happening over there was no business of ours. We drove away, turning as soon as possible toward the other side of town. When I had dropped Russell off, and driven home, there was just time to change for dinner.

That is probably all I will ever know about Dr. Baldwin, except for his bill, which came in at the end of the month. It was for five dollars, and was made out to "Mrs. Russell Pong."

—Emily Hahn

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FIVE WALTZES

THOSE of us who have been mooning about yearning for a good old-fashioned musical comedy again got it full between the eyes last week. On Wednesday came "Between the Devil" and on Saturday "Three Waltzes," and on Sunday I got out my old mandolin and played over the score of "The Prince of Pilsen," just to keep in the mood. Both "Between the Devil" and "Three Waltzes" are good old-fashioned musical comedy with a vengeance.

"Between the Devil" gives us the favorite about the man who is married to two wives at once and has the very devil of a time keeping them apart. As the man happens to be Jack Buchanan of the raspy, attractive voice and graceful white tie, and as the two wives happen to be Evelyn Laye and Adele Dixon, things go on very smoothly and pleasantly and no harm is done, except when someone tells Mr. Buchanan to answer "Yes or no" and he answers "Yes or no." I am not kidding when I say that it really is good to see it all once again, just as if the world were still the same. I wouldn't exactly want another cycle of it to start, but just for this once it warms a couple of cockles.

Of course, the difference between this musical comedy about bigamy and the ones Clifton Crawford used to do is one of production, and the Messrs. Shubert have conceded the modern trend in this. Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz have written music and lyrics which fill a season-long void in the town's album, and there is excellent dancing by Charles Walters and Vilma Ebsen, with a tap drill routine by some young gentlemen known as The Debonairs which stops the show.

There is no reason in the world you shouldn't spend an evening at "Between the Devil" unless you are crazy-mad to laugh out loud. If you are in an ordinarily decent mood, it is an agreeable, if not exciting, dish.

"THREE WALTZES" goes even farther back than "Between the Devil" in its formula and is the kind of operetta that lies closest to the Shuberts' hearts, I am sure. Vienna, Strauss waltzes; a Count Rudy von Hohenbrunn, who loves a ballet dancer; *Schaumwein*, and chorus boys dressed in uniform, and everything running like clockwork through three generations. *Im Prater blüh'n wieder die Bäume!*

Here again it is the recognition value that makes the evening amusing. When Prince Rudy's grandson steps forward and says, "I think my grandfather knew your grandmother very well," it is marvellous, especially when he bursts into song over the coincidence. There is not one item off schedule, not one click of the heels. Clare Kummer and Rowland Leigh, in making their adaptation from the Knepler-Robinson play, have cheated a little and inserted some funny lines, especially in the third act, where the scene progresses through the ages to a movie studio, but on the whole we have just what we bargained for when we asked for a return to the classics of musical comedy.

The music, as you may have guessed, is divided into three parts, not very much like Gaul, either. The music of the first part is "after" Johann Strauss, Sr.; of the second, Johann Strauss, Jr.; and the third is written right out-and-out by Oscar Straus, without the final "s." The least that they could have done would have been to have R. H. Macy's furnish the costumes. As a matter of fact, though, Connie de Pinna has turned out some costumes which, through their original coloring and design, do much to keep the eye from closing during some of the more familiar passages of the performance.

The stars of "Three Waltzes" are Kitty Carlisle and Michael Bartlett, who sing in a little better than the approved manner in such emergencies, and Glenn Anders and Ruth MacDonald go through all three generations as the same people, carrying the comedy. There is a number which, as in "Between the Devil," stands out as a high spot, a can-can danced by "The Can-Can Girls," appropriately enough. And also, as in "Between the Devil," we note the revival of the old-time chorus boy of the *chic* class, for several years superseded by male choruses with good voices but prominent Adam's apples.

And so here we are, back again in the dear old days of musical comedy. How about a good revue now?

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

"HOORAY FOR WHAT!"

Ed Wynn making smoke come out through his ears, much to the indifference of a Briant (upper left) and Al Gordon's dogs (all over the place). At the Winter Garden.

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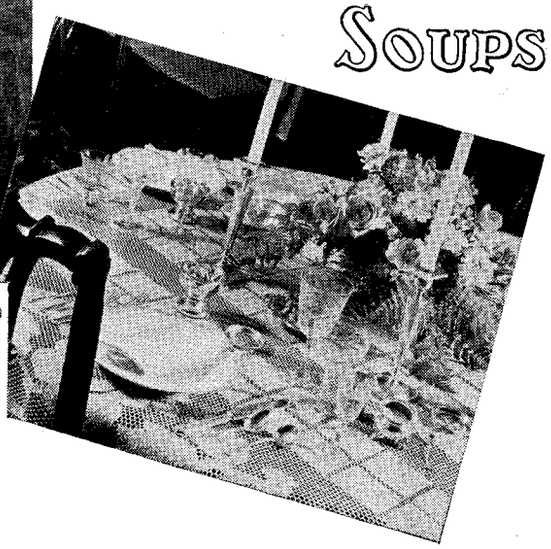
Guests unexpected

HOLIDAYS—and Bob and Anne have just called to say "Greetings"..."And don't bother with lunch—we just dropped in"... But it's no bother at all, for lunch is ready almost as quickly as you can say "Happy New Year". And what a great lunch it is, with Campbell's as the main attraction. Maybe it's that good Campbell's Chicken Soup, old-fashioned and nourishing with golden-glistening richness, and pieces of chicken a'plenty... Or perhaps it's Campbell's Scotch Broth—a soup for folks who've brought an outdoor appetite in with them. Substantial and hearty with plenty of meat and vegetables in a broth that's thick with nourishing goodness. (A soup that men particularly ask for.)

—or Expected

AT THIS ACTIVE SEASON dinners take on new sparkle—and hostesses everywhere are turning to the Campbell's Soup shelf for a certain-to-be-successful first course . . . Cream of Mushroom, for example, lavish with fresh mushroom richness and double-thick, sweet cream. It brings a merry twinkle to the eye the moment it is tasted . . . Or Campbell's Consommé—a soup that always does itself proud... Are you well supplied?

Campbell's Soups



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JULIUS WILE PRESENTS

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"

IN

4 ACTS

• • • ACT 1 • • •

TIME: *Before dinner*

FRENCH VERMOUTH: Voilà! Zis time ze guests go for ze Martinis like nozzing human! Last time zey say, "No, zanks." Why is zis?

J & W NICHOLSON'S GIN: The answer's simple, my Gallic companion—today they're serving *me*. Most people don't know how good a Martini can be until they've made it with Nicholson's English Gin.

OLIVE: You're right! I'm proud to garnish a cocktail made with Nicholson's Gin . . . it has that delicate, smooth, true English flavour.

J & W NICHOLSON'S GIN: For a "green" olive, *you* surely know your way around. I'm one "London Dry" Gin that really comes from London. For better cocktails ask for J & W Nicholson's Gin today!

J & W NICHOLSON

IMPORTED GINS

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole U. S. agents

Nicholson's Distilled London Dry Gin and Distilled Old Tom Gin (slightly sweetened), both 94° proof, and both distilled from grain. Nicholson's Sloe Gin, 57° proof. Nicholson's famous Orange Bitters, 45° proof. Look for the red-and-white label.

OF ALL THINGS

MR. ROOSEVELT got one Christmas present which he would like to exchange for something more useful. It was an elegant set of goose eggs from the special session of Congress.

•

The President says the newspapers spread fear by printing bad news about conditions. The patriotic thing to do is to look the facts in the face and run like anything.

•

Those who feared that the Wagner Act would cramp their style are approaching the New Year with joy in their hearts. The law has been declared unconstitutional by a unanimous vote of Henry Ford.

•

The Japanese still insist that the Panay was sunk by accident. Probably some nearsighted officer mistook the Yanks for the Yangtze.

•

The New York Board of Aldermen has adjourned for the last time. It existed for almost three centuries, and nobody ever knew why.

•

Florida is puzzled by Governor Cone's ultimatum against gambling. Down Miami way there are pessimists who say that His Excellency might possibly mean what he says.

•

The United States Chamber of Commerce estimates that the tax load for 1938 will be twenty per cent of the national income. Save the pennies and the government will take care of the dollars.

•

This is the season when we are particularly glad that we are not living under totalitarian rule. The free American citizen may read the newspaper reviews of the past year or just have a good time.

•

The G.O.P. committee on principles is larger than was originally intended. It has been decided that it will take one hundred and fifty guides to find the Republican Party and bring it back alive.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

JULIUS WILE PRESENTS

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"

ACT 2

TIME: *With dinner*

SQUAB: Well, you're just bubbling over with pride, aren't you?

BOLLINGER: And why not? Hasn't Bollinger been among England's most popular champagnes for 100 years? And *I'm* Bollinger, 1928—the vintage of the century!

SQUAB: Didn't I hear the host say a champagne is only as good as its maker?

BOLLINGER: Right! M. Jacques Bollinger personally supervised *me* from grapes to bottle. And connoisseurs know *that* means champagne at its best.

BOLLINGER

CHAMPAGNE

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole U. S. agents

You can get both Bollinger Brut and 1928 Vintage Bollinger. Identical with that sold in England.

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JULIUS WILE PRESENTS

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"

ACT 3

TIME: *After coffee*

ABRICOTINE GARNIER: Everybody likes my true apricot flavour! Of 27 Garnier liqueurs I, Abricotine, am the most famous.

CREME DE MENTHE GARNIER: (Green with envy) Sure of yourself, aren't you? Well, you see how many call for *my* rich mint flavour.

CREME DE CACAO GARNIER: Boys! Don't quarrel. Smart hosts always serve us as a family. Many prefer *my* rich, not-too-sweet flavour.

LIQUEUR D'OR GARNIER: I'm made of brandy, 32 herbs and seeds and contain harmless, sparkling flakes of real gold! I'll make it an 18 carat evening!

P. GARNIER

IMPORTED LIQUEURS

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole U. S. agents

Abricotine, Creme de Menthe (green or white), Creme de Cacao, all 60° proof, Liqueur d'Or, 86° proof. 23 others.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

IN 1900, the red-light district was not that portion of the highway through which forward progress of automobiles was arrested; everybody was still singing Ethelbert Nevin's "The Rosary;" O. Henry was in prison at Columbus, Ohio; the straight-front corset constricted or liberated the Female Form Divine; the uncooked cereal, highly advertised, was satirized by Lew Fields, who told Joe Weber, "With plenty of sugar and cream, you could hardly notice it;" there were eight morning newspapers—the *Press*, the *Herald*, the *Morning Telegraph*, the *Sun*, the *World*, the *New-York Tribune*, the *New York Journal & Advertiser*, and the *Times*; and the *Press's* unsigned "On the Tip of the Tongue" was the town's only daily column. The *Evening Telegram* was pink in all editions. Everybody was reading Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" and Edward Noyes Westcott's "David Harum," that horse-trading yarn which sold 1,200,000 copies. James K. Hackett and William Faversham were known as matinée idols, and *Munsey's Magazine* was growing popular because its stage department, under Matthew White, Jr., printed photographs of those two and of other matinée idols of both sexes. The town's best-known advertising slogan was Siegel Cooper's ("The Big Store") "Meet Me at the Fountain."

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

•

When Mr. Roosevelt came to Washington in March, 1933, there came with him a number of persons who do not believe in the American form of society. What they do believe in spans a long gamut of social theory. Some believe in what is called "modified Communism," an adaptation of Communism to American conditions. Some believe in a strong form of state socialism, others in a mild form of state socialism.

giv the youngster a cmfwyp vbgkq—*Mark Sullivan in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

That's been tried.

•

THERE IS SOMETHING TOUCHING and sweet about young love—love that recognizes no barriers, admits no obstacles. Take Eleanor Holm Jarrett, for instance, and Billy Rose. Does a husband on one side and a wife on the other spoil love's sweet dream and mystery. Don't be archaic!

"It's his pursonality that gets you," says Eleanor about Billy the Rose.

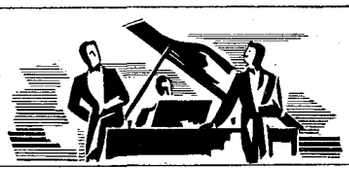
DO HAVE A SALAMI CORNUCOPIA with your cocktail.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Well, maybe just a small one.

JULIUS WILE PRESENTS

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"

ACT 4



TIME: *Throughout evening*

SODA: So *you're* the famous light Scotch all New York is talking about! Going places, aren't you?

PETER DAWSON: Why not? Folks these days prefer a Scotch like me—pleasantly light in body yet satisfyingly rich in flavour.

SODA: Well, choosing you is certainly the way to start a party off *light!* But how will you mix with me?

PETER DAWSON: Here comes the host. You're about to see that while I'm light in body my rich flavour just hits the spot in soda.

PETER DAWSON

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole Distributors in U. S.

Also "Old Curio" 12 years old.
Both 86.8° proof. Bottled in Scotland.

IT'S LIGHT SCOTCH

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

"AÏDA" THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

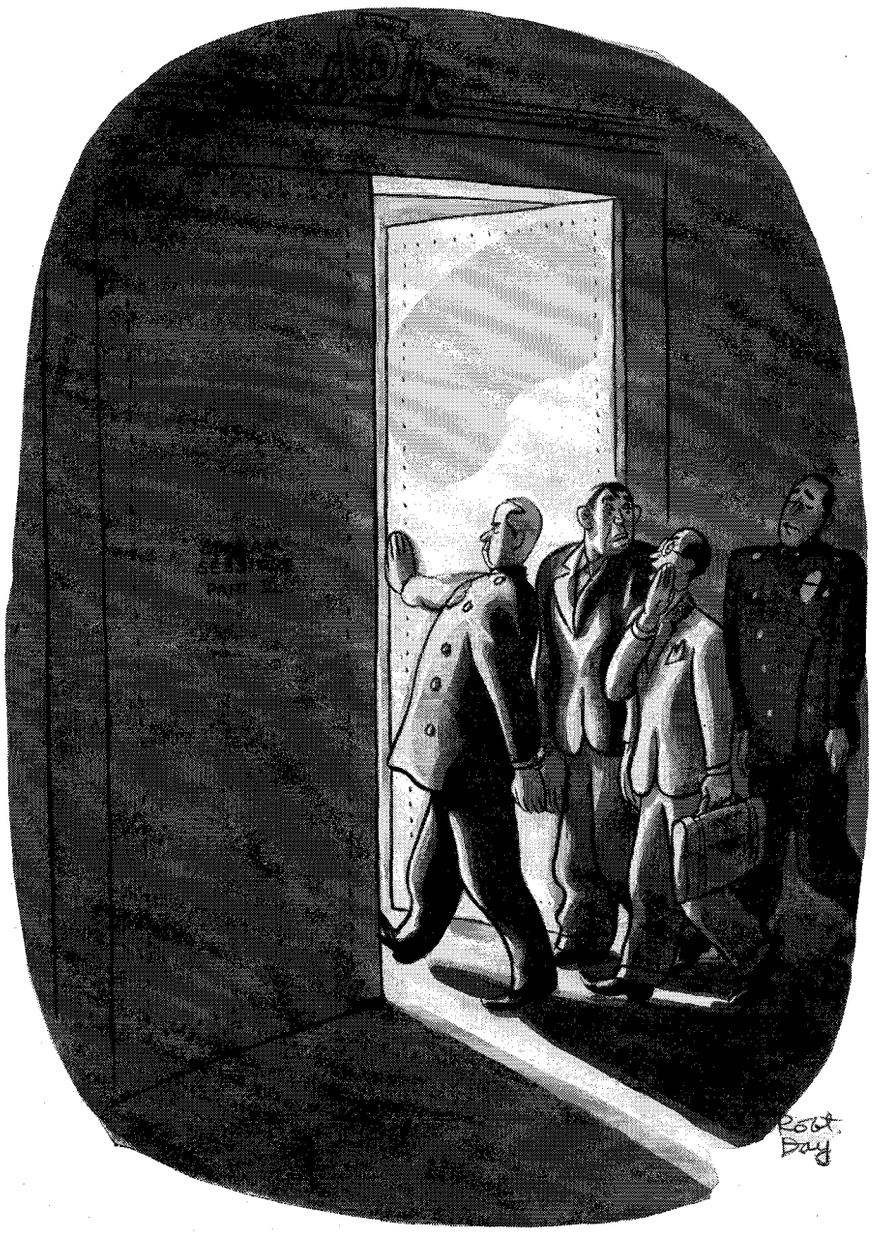
BACKSTAGE, at 7 o'clock, the Metropolitan Opera House seemed a likely spot for a witches' Sabbath. The vast, deserted stage (they told me later it is a hundred and one feet wide, seventy-five feet deep, and eighty-four feet high), was cluttered with Egyptian idols, old chariots, huddles of portable spotlights, crazy groups of ladders, scaffolds, and platforms, all cast in gigantic blocks of shadow. Feeble wall lamps, set deep in the fly rigging, functioned only to give aid and comfort to the dark and to coax forth deeply hidden childhood bugaboos. It was hard to believe that out of all this dimness and confusion there would develop, before curtain time at 8:15, the rich settings for "Aïda." Jules Judels, the rehearsal master, said to me, "You'll see." Mr. Judels has been with the Met for forty-six out of its fifty-four years, but if he had any confidence at this moment he did not transmit it to me. His remark seemed sepulchral. Anything might happen.

I went outside to the Fortieth Street stage door, which is the men's side; women performers use Thirty-ninth. Supernumeraries for this night huddled against the opera-house wall in two groups—one made up of poorly dressed Negroes who were to be Ethiopian slaves, the other a gang of ill-dressed white men who were to be the Pharaoh's soldiers. The blacks, all silent, had their coat collars up against the wind; the whites, hands deep in overcoat pockets, muttered in Yiddish and Italian. Big Harry, who has been on the men's door the past five years, let all of them in a little after 7 o'clock, taking from each one a wrinkled postcard that said, "Please report to the Metropolitan Opera House at 7:30 P.M." and was signed "J. J." Harry's assistant, a glum fellow, punched each card in a time clock and handed out an orange ticket, used both as stage pass and pay check. "Supernumerary ticket," it says, "and receipt for $1, received in full payment for services rendered."

Judels mails out the postcards a week before the show, I learned. He has thousands of names on his lists, all divided into categories for the different operas. Some of the supers are on relief, but not all. Judels remembers when their pay was only twenty-five cents a night, and, before that, when music-loving seniors from N.Y.U. and Columbia did the work without pay.

College boys were all right, it seems, but they were apt to give in to whimsy and sophomoric kleptomania, two things that make a Met stage director boiling mad. There's hell to pay, for example, if the tenor's sword has been snitched from the altar in the temple scene in "Aïda," or if the paper with the big red seal is missing in "Tosca." Tenors, even big, strong bassos, like to see things like that in their proper places. The management used to let the college-bred supers listen to the operas from the fly bridge, up near the lofty ceiling, but the boys were careless and flipped cigarette butts onto the stage. During "Tosca" one night, the city fireman on duty gave the lads a stern speech on fire prevention and ordered them from the bridge. The more earnest music-lovers among the students sometimes were as much of a problem as the pranksters. The rehearsal master remembers a night during "Lohengrin" when a Columbia sophomore got onto the set with his horn-rimmed glasses on his nose and a copy of the score in his hand. The mercenaries hired as supers now are not allowed to hang around when they've done their bit; they turn in their accoutrements, sign for their dollar, and go right back to Flatbush or Hunts Point.

I WENT with the supers down two narrow flights of sagging wooden stairs to an overheated, whitewashed



"Now, don't tell everything you know."

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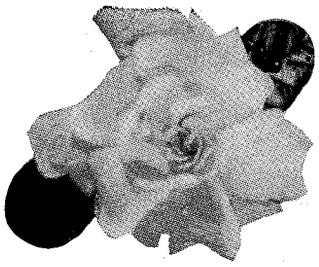

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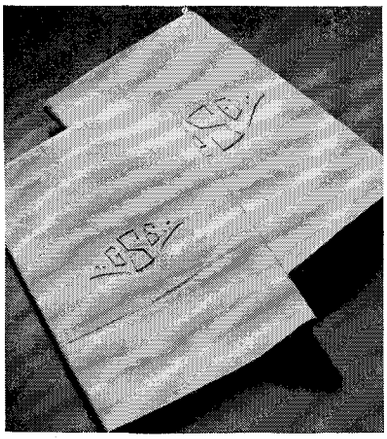

Wamsutta Supercale
From Sloane's
January White Sale

This annual January sale is an event that clever women will look forward to. The sheet illustrated: size 72 x 108, white with hemstitched hem and monogram shown, $3.95; hemstitched, without monogram, $3.35; plain hem, without monogram, $3.10. Size 90 x 108, hemstitched hem, $4.10; plain, $3.85. Monogram in white or choice of colors, 60 cents each or $7.20 a dozen extra. Pillow-cases: 42 x 38½, hemstitched hems, 90 cents each; plain hems, 75 cents each. Monogram, 50 cents each or $6.00 a dozen extra. *Street Floor*

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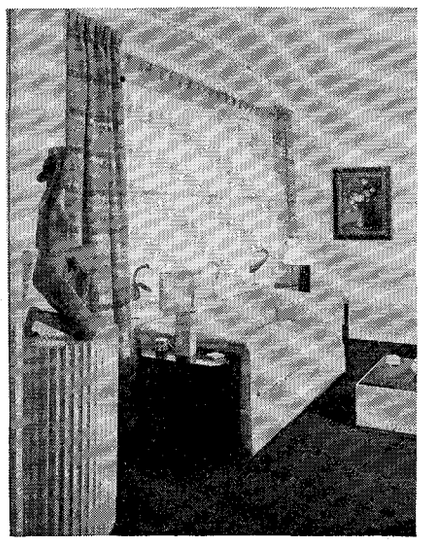
room with a low ceiling and green lockers along the brick walls. Here they began tugging at their shoes, wriggling out of street clothes, and squirming into their Egyptian outfits. They dressed alongside long wooden benches and took their tights, tunics, surcingles, sandals, and helmets from big heaps on wooden tables in the middle of the room. Makeup men daubed them with eye shadow and grease paint and fitted them with dark, coarse-haired wigs. I looked at the supers when all this had been done and they seemed like anything on earth but the men-at-arms of a Pharaoh. They still had that New Lots and Mott Haven air about them, and they lounged around, schmoozing on conventional Bronx and Brooklyn topics, waiting for the call of the bell.

Upstairs again, I found more light on the stage than there had been, but not enough to keep me from fetching up against people in the aisles that run between the walls and the wings. Electricians and stagehands called to one another in backstage vernacular, lugged portable spots about, moved big platforms ("lumber" to the trade), and began to set up the first scene—the Hall in the Palace of the King of Memphis. Downstage and just off, in a solitary pool of yellow light, a man at a switchboard manipulated buttons marked for the different drops and curtains. Just to his left was another switchboard—the assistant maestro's—with a panel marked for "wind," and another for "rain," and two for "thunder." They keep two kinds of thunder on tap—distant, with remote rumbles, and closeup, with positive crashes. The rain is made by sand shaken in a bass drum under the stage. Everything is worked from the musical score set up on the assistant maestro's switchboard easel—sound effects, cues, curtains, drops, and all.

Beyond the backstage corridors I heard the principals warming up in their dressing rooms. Giovanni Martinelli broke into rich bursts of song and Carlo Tagliabue, making his début that night, tried a high note every now and then as makeup men applied an over-all smear of cocoa butter and settled his kinky wig for the Amonasro rôle. Mme. Tagliabue, who doesn't sing but has a reputation as a ballerina, kept popping in and out of his dressing room, very busy.

Things didn't seem to be clearing up at all; the whole place got more confused by the minute. I went onstage again and Jacob Buchter, chief electrician for thirty-one years and complete master of something like 1,000,000 can-

prophesy for MODERN 1938 . . .



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dlepower in the place, was calling loud orders to his crew of twenty-two. They were up in the flies, down in the cellar, lugging big lamps up and down the corridors and testing lights all over the stage. The hubbub was terrific but I was assured that most of it died right in the drops and curtains, that early arrivals out front couldn't catch a decibel of it. Someone called hoarsely "Abe!" and somebody else called "Charlie!" and a third loud voice asked about "the giant strip." This turned out to be a long row of lights in a metal cover. The darkness at the ceiling melted slowly to sickly blue as the giant-strip lamps went on, and moonlight glowed on the temples and palaces of Memphis, and on the Pyramids. The orchestra began to play the overture.

Two tall priests slupped past me in loose sandals, one pair new and squeaky. They leaned against an idol, patting their freshly pasted stub beards, and got into a bitter discussion about rents on the Grand Concourse. Phil Crispano, the property boss, called from his booth in the wings down front and wanted to know how about Martinelli's sword. "Tell Davison to get Martinelli's sword!" somebody yelled. The message was relayed up and down the big hall, and after a while Davison showed up, shambled through the false moonlight, and slapped the sword on the altar. He was hardly back in the wing shadows before the strings were sighing in the orchestra pit and the curtain was going up.

Backstage, nobody seemed to notice that the opera was on. The two priests were still deep in the rent discussion, dancing girls talked with male choristers, people in all sorts of dress —Egyptian, Ethiopian, and modern—clumped around in irreverent boots and slupping sandals. I grew quite nervous about the noise, wondering if Martinelli and the whole cast wouldn't come into the wings and demand that everybody pipe down, until I remembered about the deadening effect of drops and curtains. Even so, I wasn't sure. At my elbow a fat stagehand talked loudly about Hollywood at the moment the aria soared out front:

Ce-le-ste A-ï-da, for-ma di-vi-na,
Mi-sti-co ser-to di lu-ce e fior...

Radames sang of his love for Aïda, but nobody back here seemed to care about it, one way or the other. The stagehand next to me talked on, in nostalgic strain, about life on the West Coast: "I used to woik for Selznick—Dave Selznick," he said. "Knew the whole Selznick family, old man an' all, right out there in Hollywood. I'm tellin' you, pitchers is the racket. Beats this opera racket, and out there you can lick rheumatism. It's the climate."

IT wasn't long before somebody backstage remarked calmly that it was about time for the horses to be showing up. I got out to the Seventh Avenue side of the opera house, leaving the backstage clatter for the comparative quiet of theatre-hour traffic just below Times Square, and a few minutes later two huskies worked their way out of a jam of taxis and private cars, leading two white horses. They've used the same team—Anna and Robert—in the big scene in "Aïda" for more than twenty years, I was told; the team comes from the Ben Hur Stables on Twenty-sixth Street, which specializes in animals for the theatre. The horses clumped up a short wooden ramp, through a side door of the Met, and into a prop room. Dan McNamara and Paddy Mulligan, who work for the Ben Hur people, tied them to some props and went downstairs to get their Egyptian-charioteer costumes.

There is a strict rule about stable attendants being with the team every minute when they're in the wings or on the stage. Signor Crispano doesn't trust livestock; he says that no matter how long they've worked in theatres, you *can't* trust them. He likes Babe, though. Babe is a giant black horse who's been in the cast of "Götterdämmerung" ever since the Met opened. Well, pretty far back, anyway. When the Ben Hur Stables get a vulgar assignment for Babe in one of the common theatres uptown, the attendant always has to stop off at the Met, because Babe won't set foot north of Fortieth Street until he's been led into the opera-house door and out again. Then he'll go anywhere.

The late Enrico Caruso, Mr. Crispano went on, was flattered no end one night when he heard that a certain fireman swapped his night off with the regular man just to hear "Aïda." The tenor walked up to this fireman right after the big scene—the one with the

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white horses—expecting to hear a comforting bit of homely praise. "That white team'd knock 'em dead in front of our engine," said the fireman. Caruso kicked chairs around when he got back to his dressing room, he was so mad. Earle Lewis, the Met's box-office treasurer, tells the same story, but he uses a traffic cop off the opera-house corner instead of the fireman.

I FOLLOWED the chief electrician down under the stage. Through the boards we heard clumping feet and the chorus in "Su! Del Nilo." I floundered close at heel and got into the "submarine," where the lights man and the prompter have individual niches separated by a partition and facing the stage from a point between it and the orchestra pit. The lights man was fingering a panel set up in front of him and keeping an eye on a giant switchboard with hundreds of little printed signs: "blue foots," "green foots," "border lights," "white blue," and so on. Next to him the prompter was rattling along, keeping one line ahead of the opera all the time so the players wouldn't stumble.

The chief electrician let me climb into the light man's niche for a minute. It's a cramped little place and the job calls for a 37 or 38, as tailors figure. From here I got an unusual worm's-eye view of Martinelli and Bruna Castagna (she was doing the catty Amneris part) swapping compliments just before the aria "Numi, Pieta." You could make out every bit of paint, eye shadow, and pencilling on their faces. The lights man began to get fidgety, so I stepped down and we descended to the sub-basement. In one corner stood an enormous winch-and-pulley outfit that looked like a torture rack; this turned out to be a hydraulic machine that lifts the heavy asbestos curtain which weighs four tons.

THE first act was over when we got back to the stage floor. The man at the drop-and-curtain board let down the encore sheet, and while the cast bowed in the surf of applause, he called for changes in the drops for the second act. "O.K. on the back one, Ed. Start your other two down when you're ready. Watch your trim on Three, Ed. O.K., O.K." The perfumed censer was working for the second act. The stage director got the Moorish slave boys all set in their places with their feather fans and dispersed the dancing girls to their appointed spots. The stagehands shambled back to the wings to talk some more about the movies. The man who knew

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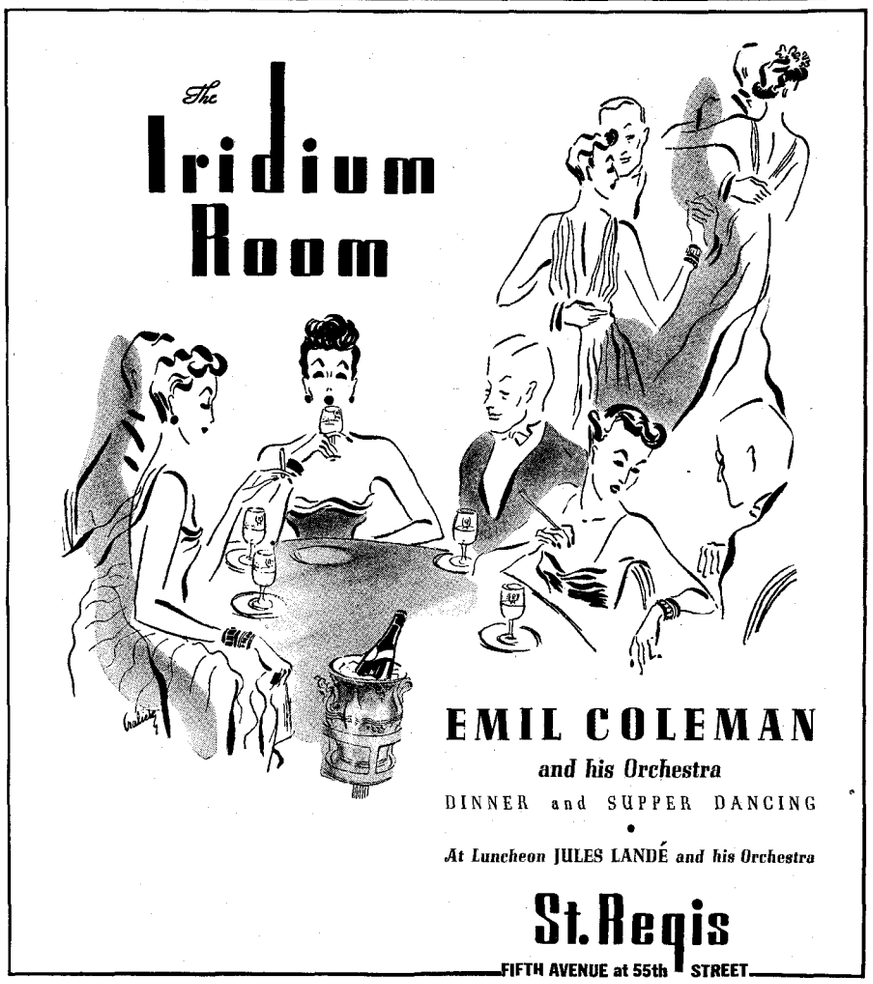

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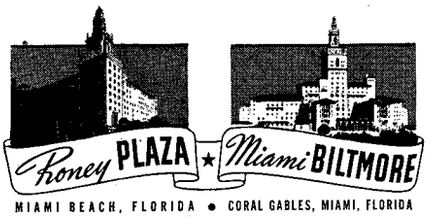

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA • CORAL GABLES, MIAMI, FLORIDA

Selznick was a great favorite of Harry Rapf's, too. "That guy knew when you done your work right, and he appreciated it," he said. On the stage Aïda and Amneris were letting their hearts out in "Ah! On All My Anguish!"

I discovered now one Etienne Barone—"The Baron" to all the Met staff. He was cutting corners as he scurried from the men's side of the house to the women's and back again, carrying little slips of paper. He's the man who makes sure all the principals are in the wings, ready to go on when their cues come, and the slips of paper remind him to remind *them*. That has been his job since he was graduated from the Met's ballet some years ago. He is tall, thin, and pleasant-faced, but always on edge. Principals rate three personal calls from the Baron. The Baron calls on them a half-hour before the cue, again on the quarter-hour, and for the last time a few minutes before they're due onstage. If they fail to make it, the Baron has to have a talk with Désiré Defrère, who's stage director and the big boss. This almost never happens, though.

The Baron was fussing with his little call slips just before time for Martinelli's entry in the last act, trying to get them in proper shape. His charges often wander away among the backdrops, coaxing their precious voices with little "mi-mi-mis" (a trick affected by some of the choristers, too, to attract attention), and he works up a sweat trying to find them. He had just come back from one of those expeditions in the labyrinth and was frowning over his slips. Defrère tapped him on the shoulder and looked significantly at the Western Union electric clock overhead. "Hey, Bozo," he said. "Martinelli." Barone grabbed up his little slips with a White Rabbit look and dashed into the outside corridor.

The ladies and gentlemen of the regular chorus scuttled for their communal dressing rooms as stagehands set up the last scene of the last act. The priests plucked off their tufted whiskers as they hurried along. They had just time enough, it developed, to get out of makeup, into street clothes, and below stage for their chant—the one that gives the proper melancholy note to the tomb scene. It didn't matter how they were dressed for that; the audience couldn't see them. "And when the show breaks," it was explained to me, "they can go right for the door and scram." The stagehands had their exit all figured, too. "We close the traps on the underground tomb, see? Then we're done. We leave the last setup for the twelve-to-seven shift. They shake down 'Aïda' and hang 'Siegfried.' Tomorra we come back and put up the 'Siegfried' lumber." The canvas for the Wagner opera was already "on the walk"—in Seventh Avenue, against the opera-house wall, covered with tarpaulins.

Under the stage, Fausto Cleva led his unfrocked priests and priestesses in the death chant. They had their overcoats over their arms as they chanted, or were shrugging into them and adjusting furs and mufflers. Above them, on the stage, broken-hearted Amneris cursed them, and in a way they seemed to have it coming: "Impious priesthood, curses on ye all! On your heads, Heaven's vengeance fall!" The priests couldn't be bothered; they piled up the stairs for their last stint, an offstage chant in the wings, around Fausto Cleva's melodeon.

The stagehands dropped the trap on the tomb, the front curtain went up again on the divided scene with gold light bathing the Temple of Vulcan, Radames and Aïda crouching in the half-light of the crypt. Bruna Castagna ploughed through the chorus, all a-rattle with beads and amulets, and started up rickety backstage stairs to the upper half of the set. The Baron fluttered after her as she made the ascent. She got to the platform on time. Two soldiers leaned down to help her up the last few steps. It was almost all over. Martinelli's voice poured from the tomb:

> To perish! so pure and lovely!
> To die, thine own self dooming.
> In all thy beauty blooming . . .

The chorus, through for the evening, broke for the nearest exit in a swirl of furs and overcoats. Radames and Aïda were dying, but the chorus had to get to the subway before the uptown theatre crowd took all the seats. The stagehands had already gone. Except for a few dark figures here and there, the great hall backstage and all the corridors were deserted again. Amneris threw herself on the sealed tomb.

> Peace everlasting, lov'd one, may'st thou ever know.
> Isis, relenting, greet thee on high.

The drop man, in his pool of light, let down the encore curtain, got up, and stretched his legs. Martinelli and Gina Cigna, out of the crypt, were taking their bows. (*Curtain*)

—Meyer Berger

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HONORS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

A Very Brief Listing of Some of Those Who Have Earned the Recognition of Their Countrymen During the Past Twelvemonth

THE New Jersey milk thief who, dissatisfied with the loot he was collecting from doorsteps, increased it by leaving notes in empty bottles ordering more milk.

The Connecticut citizen who had his Social Security number tattooed on his shoulder, only to discover later that the government had assigned him a new number.

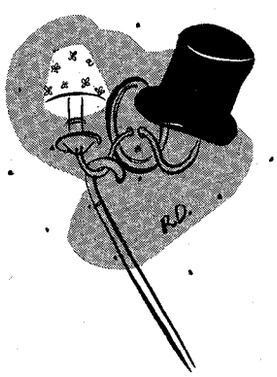
The man who climbed out of his third-story room in a Detroit hotel and escaped down a rope made of sheets and blankets tied together, evidently forgetting the fact that he had paid in advance.

The Chicago bookmaker who, observing a large crowd watching the police raid another bookmaker's headquarters next door, offered betting odds of 200 to 1 that his own place would not be raided, and won.

The irate citizen of Peoria, Illinois, who demolished a telephone booth to recover his nickels after getting twenty-two wrong numbers in a row.

The military academy that placed the following advertisement in several New York newspapers in October: "High-school football players offered full scholarship in military school at once."

The Massachusetts motorist who lost his way at night, and after a half-hour's driving on a dirt road was told by a man in a parked car that he was on the Taunton race track.



The Idaho plaintiff who, in the course of his suit to recover for damages done by trespassing cattle, slipped into the seat reserved for the thirteenth juror and was unnoticed for half an hour.

The Illinois prizefighter who, in distress after six rounds, complained of aching feet and found out that he had his left shoe on his right foot, and vice versa.

The commissioners of Cameron County, Texas, who slashed the budget in an economy drive and discovered later that they had eliminated the fund from which their own salaries were paid.

The New York surrealist artist who withdrew her work from the show of the Museum of Modern Art when drawings by the insane were included.

The residents of Evanston, Illinois, who successfully petitioned the town council to change the name of their street from Simpson to Windsor.

The president of a Chicago's women's club who voiced her indignation at the excessive glamour of modern pictorial advertising. "No reasonable woman cleans her rugs while dressed for the opera," she said.

The members of a New York club who at the annual meeting voted to reëlect all of their last year's officers, because 2,000 letterheads bearing their names were left over.

The New Jersey woman who entered a bungalow whose occupants were away on a trip, put on a house dress, called a second-hand-furniture dealer, and sold him $1,000 worth of furniture for $200.

The elephant who was shipped from Chicago to Denver in a baggage car and who amused himself and unnerved the passengers and crew by pulling the air-brake rope so frequently that the train was six hours late because of the stops.

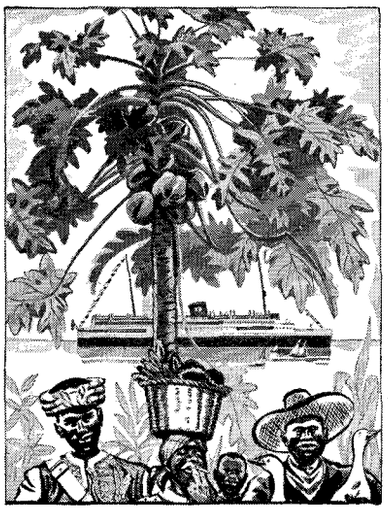
The New York hotel which took the precaution to cut holes in the corners of its paper laundry bags so the convention-attending American Legionnaires couldn't fill them with water and toss them out the windows.

The Indiana justice of the peace who refused to marry a neighboring farmer, because he had performed the wedding ceremony for him seven times previously.

The restaurant proprietor of Alton, Illinois, who, incensed by a picket pacing before his entrance with an "unfair" sign, hired a cross-eyed lady to keep step with the picket, bearing a sign marked "Just married."

The Rhode Island man who, in response to an advertisement offering a reward for information concerning the whereabouts of a lady "tattooed above both knees," was able to produce five ladies answering to that description.

—JOSEPH P. POLLARD



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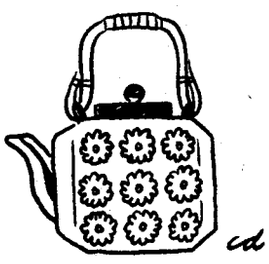
ROUGE ON THE BRAIN

IT wasn't until I came across a recent issue of a magazine called *Mademoiselle* that I learned how other women overcome the difficulty of making conversation with men they know only slightly. In an article entitled "Make-Up Your Mind," the author explains it to my complete fascination. She starts out by saying that most women know enough to put on rouge and lipstick before a date. The real trick is never to "gloss one's exterior for an important occasion without also glossing one's mind."

This is known as "mental rouging," and I can't remember when a phrase has rolled more sweetly on the tongue. In a flash it conjures up a picture of me sitting in the ladies' room repairing the inroads on face and mind in two seconds flat. The author, however, points out that you have to be all set with mental makeup *before* starting out. What she calls conversation dribblers aren't enough, either. She warns against such leads as "Oh, you'd *die* if I told you what I heard about you the other day," and also against the habit of copying wisecracks in a little notebook "in order to spring [them] at moments which may or may not apply." Any such mental rouging, she says, will only get a girl the reputation of being "too smooth a piece of goods."

I myself would like nothing better than to drag out a little notebook at moments which may or may not apply and be known as too smooth a piece of goods, but the author has more ambitious plans for me. She says that we should gloss our minds to suit our individuality. "This doesn't mean that you shouldn't adopt your mental rouge to the needs of the occasion. For instance, if you are going out with Yale sophomores for a buoyant collegiate brawl, your mental picture of yourself must necessarily be quite different from the rôle you'd most enjoy playing during a quiet evening with a sportsman of the Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt type."



In case your mind isn't up to this problem in change of makeup, the author provides examples of mental rouging for both types: "For example, you and your girl friend might sally forth to meet the Yale lushes each carrying a little dog under your arm, which you may even have borrowed for the occasion, announcing that your darling little dogs have to come along wherever you go, like Mary's lamb. If the young men are not resourceful enough to think up any night spots where dogs are allowed at table, or if they just plain balk, you can tell them sadly that they have flunked the Dog Test. . . . Generally they'll tally, as men are competitive, and the idea of a test is stimulating. They will take you and your little pets out for an evening of hunting for places where dogs can join in the fun, and they will try to out-gag you in the meantime, which will provide the story line of the evening for all of you, and give them a narrative interest to see you again, in order to pay you back with a similar device."

I can tell right away that I'm going to be crazy about mental rouging with little dogs. The only thing is, I wonder if my date won't think I've got on just a speck too much makeup. Most of the Yale men I know are going strong on their tenth reunion, and I'm not just sure how they'd react to flunking the Dog Test. In fact, I think they're the sort who would be *glad* to flunk a Dog Test and would out-gag me before we even started off. This might lead to words that the author never intended when she pictured that merry barking and banter from night spot to night spot. However, it turns out that she has thought of that possibility, too:

"In the rare cases when the young men refuse to be part of an evening's story line and walk out on you and the dogs it is even better. You have then a perfect dramatic basis upon which to call up the man you would have preferred to see all along (except for the fact that he hadn't asked you) and tell him about the Test the other lads flunked and how he has a chance to rush gallantly into the breach. Even if this is the elusive man in your life he will be amused by the tale, and deceived by the impersonal sound of filling in for a Dog Test failure. He will rally around if he hasn't a date himself, and if he has he'll call you up soon to find out if any more Dog Tests are going on."

I love the idea of hauling out my list of elusive men and phoning them to fill in for a Dog Test failure. In no time at all my apartment will be overrun with blasé bachelors and yapping dogs, which should provide a story line for both me and the neighbors. And if

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that palls, I could always swap one poodle for a bloodhound and go after Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

It seems the author prefers that I adopt a complete change of technique in the case of Mr. Vanderbilt. She says, "Quite another kind of mind-rouging would be necessary for the elegant date with the gentleman-sportsman type.... What are some more of your suppressed desires? ... Perhaps they include a yen to be a glamorous career woman. And any sportsman knows a number of such. They are, he feels, the safest dallying-companions."

I have hundreds of suppressed desires that come into play with a gentleman-sportsman of the Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt type, but I'm perfectly willing to let the author dictate which should stay suppressed. She says, "Your mental rouge for this evening, therefore, can take on much of the color of a career girl. Pick out the line of endeavor in which you are most interested, the thing you've always thought you could do.... Ask the advice of this gent who will be charmed to share the result of his wider experience, and at the same time be intrigued by your absorption in something besides the genus homo.... In one case I know, where the girl was actually started on a career in a small way, this nailed the man; in another, through his contacts, he actually placed her in the career she most desired."

All I have to do now is think up a good career, rub in my mental rouge, and go off for a quiet evening with a gentleman-sportsman. Then, if one remark leads to another and he thrills to my makeup, as the author promises, I should be set up in my own little career within a fortnight. If the Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt type has pigeonholed *me* as a safe dallying-companion, it is just possible he's in for the surprise of his life. —HILDEGARDE DOLSON

•

The famous couple sat at the "honor place" at the captain's table throughout the trip, with the 35-year-old aviator, who made the first solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927, wearing a tuxedo and black tie.—*Providence Journal.*

And carrying ham sandwiches.

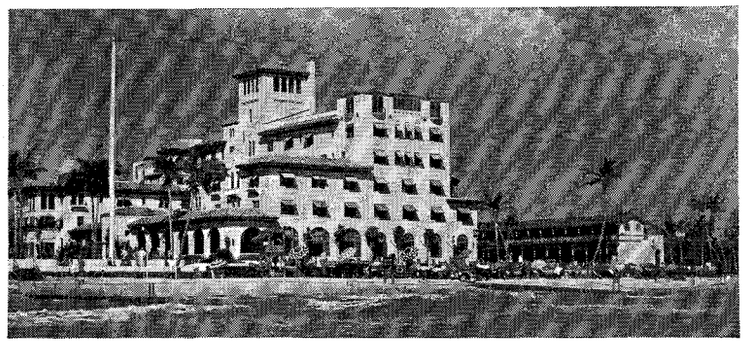
•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From "Knott Knotes," published by Knott Hotels*]

Also, from Random House comes the news that they cannot think of an accurate yet unwieldy title for Robert Endigar's forthcoming book on the care of small animals in captivity.

MIAMI BEACH



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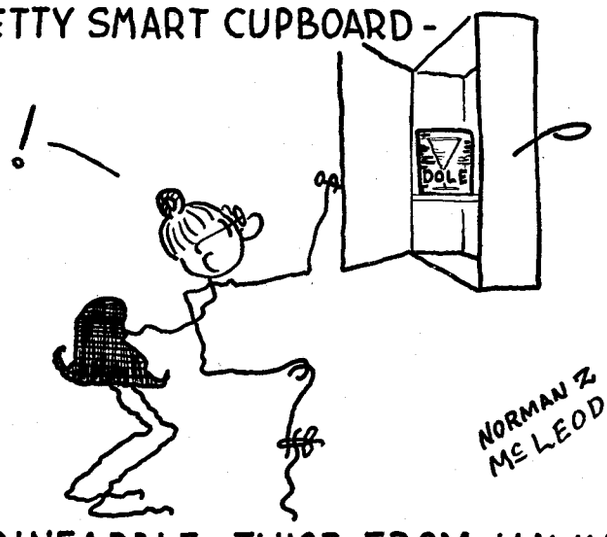

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, DEC. 27

EVEN THE MOST CONSERVATIVE PARISIENNES ARE WEARING EXTREME, TOWERING SILVER-FOX TOQUES LIKE THE TRAPPERS' HEADGEAR OF DANIEL BOONE'S DAY. FELT BERETS, VERY HIGH AT THE FRONT OR SIDE, CONTINUE TO BE THE MOST POPULAR TYPE FOR DAY WEAR. MARIA GUY HAS DESIGNED A TURBAN OF BLACK SURAH THAT WAS INSPIRED BY A HINDU HEADDRESS BUT IS THOROUGHLY MODERN. ANYONE CAN WEAR IT WITHOUT LOOKING AND FEELING LIKE AN "ARABIAN NIGHTS" DREAM. THIS MODISTE'S NEW SHADE OF TERRA-COTTA PANAMA IS BEING CHOSEN BY RIVIERA-BOUND CLIENTS TO WEAR WITH NAVY-BLUE CLOTHES. SUZY IS SHOWING A LARGE COLLECTION OF PALM BEACH HATS IN EXOTIC AND SILK STRAW; THE MAJORITY OF THESE ARE FLAT-CROWNED CANOTIERS WITH FLOWER WREATHS. HER PRIVATE CLIENTELE IS ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT A SERIES OF DRAPED TOQUES AND HALO TURBANS OF ROMAN-STRIPED SURAH IN GORGEOUS COLOR COMBINATIONS —ROSE, APPLE GREEN, AND SLATE BLUE; PURPLE, CERISE, AND SAPPHIRE; ORANGE, CHARTREUSE GREEN, AND YELLOW. V. A.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IN Paris, they may be worrying their immaculate heads about such mundane—I might even say citified—matters as towering headgear, but the New York shops are mainly concerned with the glittering folk who put a bit of bright material over carefully tousled locks, tie it casually under a chin that may be either youthful or aging, and then don a colorful costume that has been painstakingly designed for sea breezes.

At Hattie Carnegie, there are charming little silk-linen dresses, belted and buttoned, whose only oddity is a hood, lined with print, which can dangle in back or be worn fetchingly over the head. There is an ankle-length evening version, too, and over it the staff swoons in admiration, even when the press and the cash customers have their backs turned. Another model that elicits glad cries is of the same silk linen trimmed with ribbed hand-knit material. One dress, in pale blue, has a ribbed knitted yoke and short sleeves of dark-brown knit (there is a yen for contrasting sleeves everywhere). There are also two-piece dresses with knitted bands at the waist, and on the cuffs and pockets. Another favorite, which would look rather chippy unless you were so young you couldn't pay the price anyway, is a pleated skirt and suspenders of bright print over a plain colored shirt. Most of these, incidentally, are priced around $125.

There has been considerable to-do in the papers over the Carnegie sweater dinner dress, which was designed for wear in drafty country houses and is being avidly bought by people whose confidence in city steam heat remains unshaken. It's a purple broadcloth dress, molded tight to the figure and slit almost to the knees in front, which has a bright-green knitted sweater, with a high neck and short sleeves, that ends just below the breasts. They show the dress with ropes and ropes of pearls. It all sounds horrid, but it has a Thing. In general, though, after-dark dresses can be classified only under the word "dainty." The prize is one that is all tiny tiers of pale-blue mousseline, alternating with bands of sheer black lace; it is cut princesse style with stiffening at the hemline, and has lace mitts that extend above the elbow and do not, somehow, look ridiculous. Then, there are green-and-white mousseline dresses in a Covered Wagon style, with full gathered skirts and prim bodices. Some are rose-beige lace with fluted edges and dusty-rose velvet straps; others are pale blue-gray lace, with the arms, shoulders, and back lightly covered with lace to match.

Jacket tricks: For daytime, straight-hanging reefers of polo cloth or suède with panel fronts; for evening, boleros with short sleeves fashioned of coq feathers.

BENDEL takes particular delight in a collection of ready-to-wear day dresses, imported from France, which are made interesting by odd and subtle color combinations and bits of detail. Lots of them are in a sort of crash linen. A slim white dress has a navy crisscross over it and a tiny cape. There are two-piece-jumper affairs, dress-and-jacket

"Oh dear, Miss Jardine, nobody likes it!"

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combinations, and three-piece costumes. These cost around $110, and have that quiet elegance which seems to be creeping back, even for young people, among the play suits, the cottons, the shirtwaist dresses, and other informal clothes that have held undisputed sway for so long. The evening clothes have a dreamlike quality, for they're froths of net, lace, organza, and chiffon swirling wide. There is a great deal of emphasis on detail around the hipline to give a wired-out effect, but the line through the stomach and outward curve of the hips remains slim. Bands of lace are inserted on organza, or corded scrolls, or a contrasting, applied decoration, and the effect is both new and lovely.

EVERYBODY is still gawking at Bonwit Teller, which is becoming the haven of havens for absolutely everything you can think of. Before I go into the question of the needs of pampered people who are heading South, I must first sing hosannas about the imported blouses. You know the kind and they have been well-nigh impossible to find for less than $29.50—printed or plain organdies, or crêpes, or chiffons with bits of hand embroidery, tiny tucks, jabots edged with Val lace, and all ze dainty touches. Bonwit has a large collection for from $7.95—with some of the prettiest models at that low price—up to $35. Then they have pull-on suède gloves in brilliant or pastel colors at $3.95, with fat tom-tom suède bags to match. These are designed for the glories of Florida, but would be happy dressing up that plain black dress of yours. Bonwit Teller also has some models by the Hollywood boy genius, Howard Greer. For evening, there are two honeys—a slim affair of red, white, and blue crêpe with stripes making comely diagonal lines, and a dress of patterned tie silk, smocked through the waistline to give a high-busted appearance, with a slit to the knee in the front of the full skirt ($29.95 and $39.95, in the Débutante Shop). And you'll like his brown linen dress with shoulder straps, a skirt which looks as if it had been cut for skating, and a white jacket that buttons firmly on the belt. You'll also find Alice Marble designs here—simple, tailored tweed suits, with an emphasis on jackets with high revers and three-button closings, like a little boy's. These are around $35, as are two topcoats made of camel's hair. One is loose and hanging, and adorned with stitching; the other, cut on more conventional lines, has huge patch pockets. In the beach department, there are lots

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SATURDAY	5 P. M.	January 15	. .	GEORGIC	. . 8 days $105 up
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SATURDAY	3 P. M.	February 5	. .	CARINTHIA	
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	February 12	. .	CARINTHIA	
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	February 19	. .	CARINTHIA	
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	February 26	. .	CARINTHIA	
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	March 5	. .	CARINTHIA	
SATURDAY	3 P. M.	March 12	. .	CARINTHIA	
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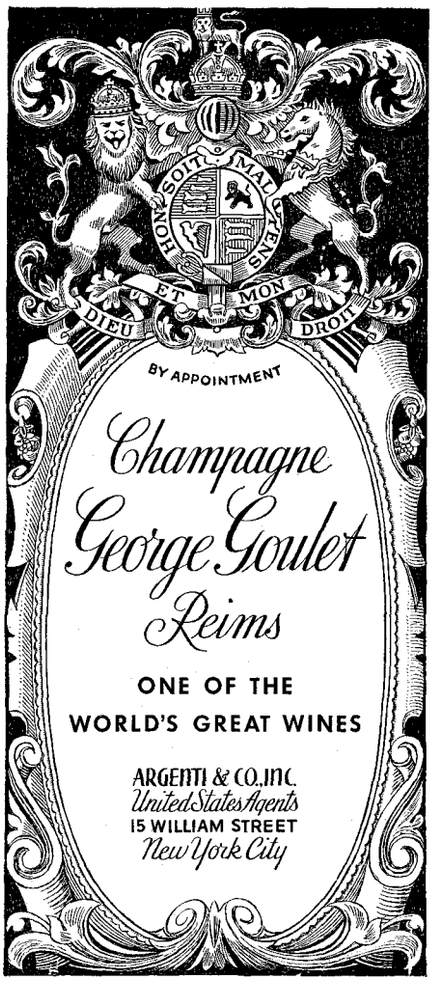
of pajama costumes that are more dressy than slacks-and-shirt combinations; wide, bright-yellow linen pants with fitted three-button jackets and a navy-blue halter and navy-and-yellow silk scarf; sharkskin one-piece pajamas with bright striped sleeves and a zipper down the front, and below-knee-length yellow linen pants with a turquoise blouse, loose and gathered on an elastic at the waistline. This same butcher-boy type of blouse, ideal for hot weather, makes the top for a charming play suit of a printed challis that has long sleeves and absolutely plain shorts—no pleats, nuttin. The selection of dresses for Southern daytime wear is exceptional. There are green linen dresses with the bands of colored cotton embroidery that is new this year; printed dresses, shirred up the front; lots of Wedgwood prints, and some exclusive Liberty patterns; and black pleated skirts and white-and-yellow embroidered jumpers. It seems unfair, somehow, that we'll probably not be able to find anything half as attractive when it gets hot up this way. Fashions are like that. We're forever talking about autumn trends on Decoration Day. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Either North or South

AT Saks-Fifth Avenue, they are making a great to-do over the skiing season with smartly cut jackets of white sailcloth, poplin ones with huge pockets in the back, and trousers of lightweight whipcord. The trousers fit as snugly as jodhpurs, but there is plenty of room at the knees. They are supposed to be better than floppy ski trousers, we were told, because they reduce wind resistance. There are also some new mittens: woollen ones with poplin covers, oilcloth mittens with flannel linings, and canvas mittens which are particularly useful when the snow is wet. This shop has boots designed by Emile Allais, the French skiing champion. They are slightly higher than the regular models, and have laced openings at the back so that they can be adjusted comfortably over the ankles. There's also a shoe with an extra strap to wrap around a weak ankle twice and serve as a brace. As for skis, we saw some that really are bargains—handmade imported ones of first-grade hickory for $19.50. Incidentally, they already had been prepared for waxing, to save the buyer time and trouble. One skier whom we consulted was quite excited over some hollow steel poles which are made like the shafts of golf clubs and are lighter than



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bamboo or Tonkin cane but still so strong that they won't bend even under an extraordinary strain. He also approved of a new form of snow goggle, which is simply a sheet of heavy orange-tinted celluloid attached to a band that fastens around one's forehead. The band keeps it close enough to the face to shield the eyes but far enough away to prevent the celluloid from fogging up.

With a thought for cabañas, Southern cruises, and such, Saks' custom department has a new Chinese cloth that is made out of palm leaves. It is light and cool, and makes excellent shirts for warm-weather golfers. They also show a heavy, spongy silk in a herringbone pattern for beach shirts.

FOR those who prefer knitted swimming trunks to flannel, Sulka has worked out a new weave that isn't thick and bulky and isn't too thin, either. The trunks are $10, and the design of graduated stripes will be flattering to men with large waistlines. You can get tops to match, or pullovers and polo shirts of lisle or wool in the same color combinations. As usual, Sulka has an impressive array of beach-robe materials: striped taffeta flannels, basketweave cottons with all sorts of hand-blocked designs (the ships and penguins are especially good), and a cloth called Pit-Pat, supposed to dry easily, which you can have plain, printed, or with gay silk designs embroidered on it. Among the shirtings we saw something called Nile cloth, which is almost gossamer in weight but surprisingly strong.

At Tripler you can get swimming trunks of printed Hawaiian cotton, with beach shirts to match, in bright South Seas patterns. Also, rope-soled canvas shoes that are so light you can wear them while swimming, and beach robes in a great variety of materials and colors. Those of linen crash, for $14, are worth looking at. The odd jackets of lightweight Irish homespun, which come in dark blue, brown, or green and have brass buttons, are $50.

Dudley Eldridge, at 11 West 50th Street, recommends swimming trunks of Poplair, another fabric that's designed to dry quickly, and has assembled a collection of lisle sport shirts in interesting color combinations.

ALEX TAYLOR, 22 East 42nd Street, has kits of ski wax—as you know, there are many kinds for varying snow conditions—and blowtorches, heaters, scrapers, and other accessories to put the stuff on or take it off. Among them is a sort of glove that you wear when rub-

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with PAUL HAAKON
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ALFRED LUNT & LYNN FONTANNE
production of JEAN GIRAUDOUX'S comedy
AMPHITRYON 38
Adapted by S. N. BEHRMAN
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The Ghost of Yankee Doodle
with Ethel Barrymore
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Matinees Thursday & Saturday 2:30

RUTH GORDON
DENNIS KING
PAUL LUKAS
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In Henrik Ibsen's
A DOLL'S HOUSE
Production by Jed Harris
Settings & Costumes by Donald Oenslager
New acting version by Thornton Wilder
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ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. Presents
12th Month
Yes, My Darling Daughter
By Mark Reed
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Lucile WATSON — Violet HEMING — Nicholas JOY
VANDERBILT W. 48 St. Evgs. 8:45. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45

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JOHN GOLDEN presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in
SUSAN & GOD
A new Comedy by RACHEL CROTHERS
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Thurs., Dec. 30, Sat. & Wed.

bing wax on by hand, which some authorities insist is the best way. For those who carry skis in their motorcar, Taylor has a rack which can be attached to the roof of an automobile and will hold ten pair of skis. It's $9. Taylor also has metal name plates which, when attached to your skis, simplify identification in a snow-train scramble.

Spalding is showing a heavy canvas bag that holds a pair of skis and two poles, and has a zipper pocket for wax. The bag, which is carried over one shoulder by a sling, comes in four colors and costs $3.50. At this shop we discovered a reversible jacket of Byrd cloth—one side dark blue, the other tan; a Byrd-cloth shirt with a flannel lining, which is amazingly light and probably would be very warm; and Byrd-cloth mittens with horsehide palms. We also can recommend the Polaroid goggles, at $1.95.

HOT AND COLD: Brooks still favors blue Melton for ski suits, and for after-skiing activities or simply for country wear has Tyrolean hats from Habig of Vienna.... Wanamaker features jockey shirts of Hialeah-blue linen and slacks of bunting cloth for beach wear. ... Abercrombie & Fitch have Argentine ski jackets of white gabardine with knitted wool collars and cuffs; tiny thermometers, to pin on your hat, which register down to 30 below zero; and pocket altimeters which register up to 8,000 feet.... André, 49 East 47th Street, has an emergency repair kit—gimlet, file, screwdrivers, etc.—that shuts up into a wooden handle the size of a jackknife.... Newell's, Ltd., at 290 Park Avenue (49th), offers for Southern wear a silk evening shirt with a pleated bosom.... And if you want to have something unusual, your tailor can run you up a jacket of Joseph's Coat cloth, which has nine stripes, each a different color. He can get the material from the wholesale house of Milbank Leaman. —E. K.

•

WIREHAIRED TERRIER—Male: answers to name of Rhett Butler. Phone 2159. —*Adv. in the Westerly (R. I.) Sun.*

We'll bet anything he's gone away to start life over under another name.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Toledo (Ia.) Chronicle*]

Miss Luella V—— will go to Iowa City today to spend Christmas at the home of her nephew and niece.

One rotten apple spoils the whole barrel.

SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
"A MASTERPIECE" —Atkinson, Times
OF MICE AND MEN
A new play by JOHN STEINBECK
Directed by GEO. S. KAUFMAN
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Music and Lyrics by
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YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
A Comedy
by MOSS HART & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
BOOTH THEA. 45 St. W. of B'way
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2 GEORGE ABBOTT HITS
A COMEDY
Room Service
By JOHN MURRAY & ALLEN BORETZ
Cort Theatre W. 48TH ST. EVES. 8:45... MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:45

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A Comedy
By JOHN MONKS, Jr. & FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE
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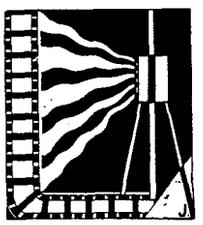
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mugs of Vodka

THE Moscow studios, forgetting the present problems of their nation, have looked into their country's past, a rich mine of material indeed, and they have turned out a film which stands among the very best of the historical pictures. It is not that one only casually tutored in matters of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Russia may inform himself through "Peter the First" on the facts of politics, campaigns, foreign diplomacy, and royal marriages in any classroom sense. These elements are simplified here to fit the limitations of a screen play that has been contrived with a care, unusual in Amkino productions, for pace and unity and characterization. What I feel that even the specialists and scholars will recognize is the sense, pervading the whole thing, of life as it must have been in that Cimmerian Russia which Peter unshuttered when he "opened the window to Europe." One doesn't need, I think, the authority of Alexei Tolstoy's name behind the picture to be persuaded of its validity; no modern fancy at work alone would have contrived this grotesque and barbarous display. The humor, the stench, the diet, the clothes must come straight from the documents and annals left by such few mortals as knew of them and could also write.



Vladimir Petrov directs his story slowly at first, and the opening scenes with Nikolai Simonov's Peter make the Czar appear perhaps nervous and modern, but this is a delusion, one finds, when the film comes to the boyars in their crypt of a council chamber. Here I felt at once that the producers had gone deep into the core of the Russia of the period, not alone in the way of costumes, the Oriental robes and hats, or in the spread of black beards across the bloated stomachs, but in the gestures, the waddle of the nobles, and the bear glitter in their eyes. Here the piece takes on shape and meaning, and Petrov swings into his stride.

The film is built up around the period of Peter's Swedish wars and the founding of St. Petersburg. It sketches the Czar's friendship with the consequential Menshikov and it traces with some fine performances the problem of the traitorous, lunatic Czarevitch. The whole business of that versatile laundress who became Catherine I of all the Russias is magnificent, gusty, and weird buffoonery, as it must have seemed to the visitors of the day, trippers from the elegancies of Germany or of Lithuania. Peter's laws to force his people into the manners of Europe—by ukase, the boyars must shave their beards, change long robes for Magyar jackets and German trunks, and their women, all of them tubs, must dip in the curtsies of the French court—make noble stuff for the screen. I see no message squeezed in anywhere here by the Soviets; they have not blackened the repute of this earlier Czar, nor have they exalted him, aside from the purification censors demand; and the result, I suspect, comes nearer truth than is common, though the scions of boyars, now among us and beautifully shaved, may repudiate the notion.

LIFE is all vodka and caviar today, for along with "Peter" comes "Tovarich." I have a suspicion that "Tovarich," poor comrade, is getting weaker minute by minute. The play in town was nice, but one did hear a great deal about how it had been abroad, and now the movie comes, and it hardly amounts to much more than a mere show for Claudette Colbert. That is being a little mean, for Miss Colbert has her own way with her, though it's not much the way of a Russian princess who had been ukased out of house and home; and Charles Boyer ambles through it in a fair temper; and Basil Rathbone adds a nice note. The comedy, however, of Russian royalties glad to get a job as servants in a Paris household is clearly Americanized into simple homespun humor such as we all grew up with.

NOT CAVIAR: "Intermezzo" may please homesick Swedes who like the plot about the maestro who elopes with his pretty accompanist. Homesick New Yorkers in alien deserts may enjoy "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" (musical, with lots of Italian-American dialect) or "You're a Sweetheart" (with Alice Faye), but it will probably be because of their peculiar predicament.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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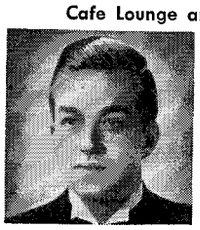

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THE ART GALLERIES

Charles Demuth—Propagandist Art—Maurice Vlaminck

MUCH has been happening in the galleries during this busy Christmas season, the two most important events being the Charles Demuth Memorial Exhibition at the Whitney Museum and the American Artists' Congress show, which is hung in a large, empty office space, hired for the occasion, on the second floor at 550 Fifth Avenue—both huge affairs and both, though for different reasons, interesting.

Charles Demuth died, at the age of fifty-two, only a little more than two years ago, and it would be rash of anyone to attempt a complete appraisal of the man so soon after. However, one can't see a showing as comprehensive as this, in which whole roomfuls of his still lifes and flower pictures as well as most of his semi-abstract architectural studies are on display, without developing some ideas about the contours of his work. One conclusion that seems to me to be inescapable is that as a water-colorist Demuth stood, and still stands, almost alone among American artists, with John Marin as perhaps his only rival in the medium. But not even Marin, though intrinsically he is much the greater artist, has the control of color gradations or the ability to evoke textures, the sheer brilliance and impeccable craftsmanship, that Demuth so easily commanded. One has but to study a single leaf or a flower petal in almost any one of his studies in this genre—look particularly at his "Gladiola and Napkin," in which the red border of the cloth is so important in the design; his twining "Daisies" or his gracefully Cézannesque still lifes of apples and pears—to see how thorough his mastery of technique was: how he could muddle his colors without muddying them; how delicately he could highlight his forms, how subtly accent them.

The other important part of Demuth's work, his so-called "cubist" studies, chiefly of architectural subjects, appear to have suffered somewhat with time. Cubism, as few conventional painters ever seem really to understand, was in its best stage a definite school of art, with a rule of thought as precise and penetrating as the anatomical understanding that was demanded of the older painters. Demuth was led to an interest in the school chiefly, I believe, through his friendship with Marcel Duchamp, then one of its leaders, but he never went more than a few steps along the way, and not far enough to absorb its doctrine.

As a result, one's impressions of his ventures in that field are as fragmentary as his own application of that technique was. The slight dislocation of roof lines and steeple in "After Sir Christopher Wren," for example, or the geometrical bands of light behind the chimneys in "End of the Parade"—these begin to seem more a kind of overlay of arbitrary design than an integral part of the picture, and one wonders, one really wonders, if the essential purpose of the artist might not have been better served by a more naturalistic approach; wonders, even, if this "cubist" overlay might not have been fundamentally an escape from the problems a conventional attack would have forced on the artist.

If so, the escape was subconscious, of course, for there can be no question of Demuth's sincerity as an artist, and none either of his real joy in painting. It is a question of his art's limitations. I have a feeling that even in such famous examples of this style as "Aucassin and Nicoletta," with its water tower leaning shyly against the tall chimney, or "My Egypt," with its regally posed grain elevator, the charm is as much in the allusiveness of the title as in the painting itself, and it seems to me this peculiarly poetic allusiveness that was part of Demuth's talent found completer expression, as painting, in his lighter, less monumental subjects.

I have a feeling, in short, that it is as a flower painter that Demuth is most likely to be remembered. If this leaves him a slightly smaller niche than many of his admirers would claim for him, it at least, I think, gives him a surer one.

AT the American Artists' Congress show, on the other hand, the question is not so much of permanence as it is of contemporaneity. The Congress itself is a United Front or anti-Fascist organization, formed two years ago, whose membership of eight hundred-odd includes most of the younger, more radical painters and sculptors as well as such established figures as George Biddle, Rockwell Kent, Max Weber, Paul Manship, etc. The exhibition is arranged primarily to celebrate the Con-

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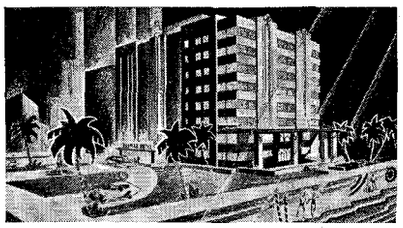
gress's second annual convention, held "in defence of World Democracy" in December. The theme of the show, then, is mainly anti-war, with most of the canvases focussed on Chinese or Spanish subjects. (It closes, by the way, December 30th.)

I found it, in its total effect, exciting and interesting particularly as an index of the increasing skill and understanding which modern artists have brought to bear on social and political propaganda. Unfortunately, the show also contains a considerable number of examples of how *not* to attack these difficult subjects. To prove that propagandist art can retain its impact and artistic validity long after its initial impulse has been forgotten, one has only to cite the work of Daumier and Rembrandt (who was looked at askance, in his day, for his choice of "lowly" subjects), the etchings of Goya, and the Revolutionary sketches of David. But it is still true that before propaganda can become art in the first place a still mysterious process of transmutation or of absorption must occur, so that the idea embodied in the finished work emerges not cartoonlike, as an isolated and sharply specialized statement, but as an integral expression of the artist's whole philosophy.

Far too few of the artists represented in the show have allowed time enough for this process to operate. One can't help noting, also, a depressing repetitiousness in the choice of subjects. All too clearly, for artistic purposes, oppression in the South is coming exclusively to mean the lynching of Negroes, and the war in Spain becoming entirely a matter of mothers and children fleeing from bombers across an open square. Both are, to the world's shame, uncontestably real phenomena, and that they can be presented with validity and power such pictures as Tromka's "Flight," Ben-Zion's "Victims of Fascism," and Mischa Richter's "Child and Ruins" clearly show.

But the world's ways are bad enough and the field of social commentary consequently so wide as to make such apparent poverty of themes inexcusable. Indeed, the exhibition contains a number of canvases which show that this

MIAMI BEACH



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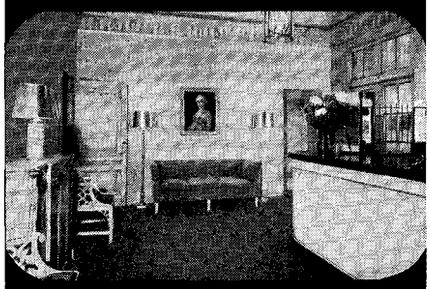

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paucity need not exist among artists of real imagination, and which prove as well that indirection, rather than a piling of horror on undigested horror, is the proper solution of the problem. Among such are William Gropper's "Sniper," in which the gray rocks and half-hidden lone figure suggest more of the grimness of war than a dozen pictured orange-and-yellow shell bursts would have done, and Anton Refregier's "Hunger," with its semi-surrealist heads sprouting lankly over a crumbling wall. I liked, too, Eugene Morley's "Hurricane," but as usual in a show as big as this one (there are a hundred and thirty-eight artists represented), if one starts listing there's no telling where to stop.

THE Lilienfeld Galleries are presenting, with something of an Old Master flourish, a group of fifteen paintings by Maurice Vlaminck, and they are decidedly worth looking at. There was a time, after I'd seen my very first few of those dark-skied, slush-rutted wintry landscapes of his, when I thought Vlaminck to be one of the world's great painters. Then I saw a few hundred more, and was not so sure. He is certainly almost entirely a painter of one mood, that of gray days and country loneliness, and when he departs from it (as in "Fresh April Breeze," in the present show) his pictures are likely to become hopelessly sticky-looking and candy-colored. But within that mood he is hard to surpass, and there are two or three pictures on display—"December Day," perhaps; "Early Spring;" and "Winter Twilight"—that must rank with the best of his work.

For that matter, there's a surprising number of good shows at the moment. The Rehn Galleries have an exhibition of Henry Varnum Poor's recent paintings which reveals that artist's sound feeling and capable craftsmanship to excellent advantage. Best of all, I think, is a stormy seascape, curiously light in color, of great waves dashing down on a huddle of fishing boats beside a jetty. It's the paleness of sky and the translucence of the water that give it its drama, but then sky and sea often have precisely that dreadful sort of brilliance during or just after storms. . . . An American Group, now in its seventh season, has a show of water colors, gouaches, etc., at the Delphic Studios. Forty members are represented. It's impossible to list more than a few, but I liked especially Harry Gottlieb's gray, tortuous landscape called "Culm Banks," Julian Levi's airy "Barnegat Light," and Elizabeth Olds' "Stoker," its red-lit, steel-masked figure presented with that strong sense of organizational rhythm she so signally gets in her industrial studies. . . . The Julien Levy Gallery has a show of new painting by Chirico, interesting mainly as evidence of the curious changes that have come over his work in recent years. Having broken with surrealism, he has turned (via Delacroix, it would seem) to horses, and the gallery is a medley of tossing manes, stamping hoofs, and flaring nostrils. Slightly merry-go-roundish horses they are, though, and one's principal feeling is one of regret at this narrowing-down of the artist's considerable talent. . . . Then, at the Marie Harriman Gallery, there's a showing of oils, drawings, and water colors by George Gershwin, who took up painting as a hobby a few years before he died. They're about what you'd expect from a man of his intrinsic artistic capacities—the style is a bit fumbling and his handling of the new medium is fuzzy, but the work is nevertheless remarkably true in color and feeling. —ROBERT M. COATES

• •

TO A LADY

AS OF CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DEC. 31, 1937

For more than a few years
I wished that your New Years
Would all be the happiest yet;
And though evident it
Was true that I meant it,
I feel that you owe me a debt.

Detailed information
From each corporation
I get at the end of the year:
Are losses terrific
Or profits prolific?
Is zinc inexpensive or dear?

Solicitous, tender
I've been, but you render
No statement of dollars and cents;
Of orders and payment
For fodder and raiment;
And mortgages, leases, and rents.

Above lines of hate meant:
Please issue a statement
Of how things are going, my dear,
Or I'll make an issue
Of this, and not wish you
A terribly Happy New Year.

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 22

NO one takes Christmas and New Year's harder than the French children. To them, Christmas begins somewhere around Thanksgiving, when stores start showing their first holiday toys, and New Year's Day ends around Epiphany, when the tinsel and trimming are put away for another ten months. On recent Sundays the crowds of feverish children and their freezing parents before the Galeries Lafayette's window displays of miraculous mechanized dolls have been so great that the queues, barricades, and police lines have stretched as far back as the Rue de Provence.

Other enormous Sabbatical crowds, fortunately only of adults, have been streaming by bus, bicycle, car, and tramway toward Saint-Cloud to view the cottage, La Voulzie, where the unfortunate American dancer, Jean De Koven, was strangled. The French public has not been so roused since the crimes of Landru, in whose cell the new mass murderer, Weidmann, now suitably sits, chained. Until assassinations took too much of his time—he murdered six people in four months—Weidmann was a guide at the Paris Exposition. He speaks three languages; liked to listen to Wagner over the radio in the evenings; taught his co-murderers to take healthy Teutonic setting-up exercises on his front lawn; was a perfect gentleman to all women he met, even those he killed; has not yet lied to the police; and has politely apologized to his lawyer for having once shed unmanly tears in his presence. French journalism has gone to town in all its verbal glory on the Weidmann case. On its front page, the hardboiled *Paris-Soir* quotes the verses of Hégésippe Moreau, an obscure nineteenth-century romantic: *"S'il est un nom bien doux fait pour la poésie, O, dites, n'est-ce pas celui de La Voulzie?"* Sports editors, in their Rugby columns, have devoted philosophical essays to wondering if Germany's political and athletic climate "has not influenced the Rhineland's sons, seduced by the notion of force, and without the antidote of human idealism." Everybody has highly appreciated the fact that Weidmann's accomplices and victims bore such curious surnames as Mr. Million, Mr. Sober, Mr. Blond, Miss Knitting; and that one of his victims, a Strasbourg cook whom he promised to promote to governess, was buried in the woods of Fontainebleau in the historic Cave of the Brigands—in the days of Louis XIII a highwayman's hideout. Even more sobering is the fact that while the police of two continents were searching for the American girl, six French people knew where to find her, buried shallowly beneath La Voulzie's front steps—Million, his sweetheart, his mother, his father, his father's boss, and the boss's wife. They said Million himself was so sensitive that even the second of the six murders had made him faint dead away, and as for themselves, they had preferred not to discuss family affairs outside the family circle. Their reticence probably kept Weidmann's crimes from jumping from six to twelve, for he swore to kill all who talked. He was a good talker himself. In a forest in Touraine last summer, while he sat whistling by the recumbent after-luncheon figure of a fat man with a newspaper over his face, a jocular passerby called, "Aren't you afraid your whistling will wake your friend?" "No danger," replied Weidmann. "He's sleeping soundly." Beneath the paper lay what was left of the jolly smile of a taxi chauffeur named Couffy, shot through the head for his new car and two thousand francs.

According to those who knew her, Miss De Koven was friendly, confidential, and talkative. Europeans have often criticized Americans for being those things. Rarely, thank heaven, are we killed for them—plus our traveller's checks.

IT is customary in these Letters to mention, from time to time, fine foreign dancers or singers who are going to America to perform. Though M. Pierre de Lanux doesn't dance or sing, being the former Paris-office Director of the League of Nations and before that André Gide's secretary, still his forthcoming lectures should rank as important artistic performances. They will be in English and will be about France, Europe, and the world. If you are as worried about France and Europe as this side of the world is, you'd probably better go.

Not since the importation of the Iroquois Indian maidens who inspired Rameau's ballet, "Les Indes Galantes," has an American girl of dusky skin been of such importance in French musical circles as Miss Marian Anderson. When she gave her gala concert at the Opéra,

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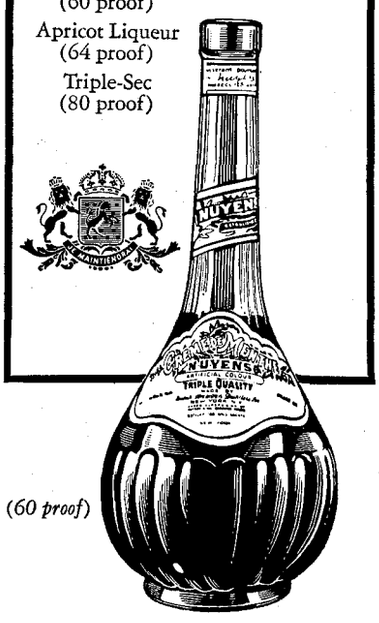

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the house was so full that places were sold on the boxes' dark little back divans, where people could hear, though not see. We know of no other singer, visiting or local, who in our time has collected such an enthusiastic, sincere, dressed-up, and packed Opéra audience. It would do no good to tell Miss Anderson that with such a hackneyed classical program and such unusually trifling encores, she never can be hailed as what is called a great artist. She would not believe you, and she would be right. For she is hailed, and as great, by vast crowds to whom the wonder of her superb voice is enough. They cheer it with such joy as to drown out the sound of critical quibblings and even of her favorite ballad, "Cuckoo."

In her Sicilian muleteer's song, as in her spirituals, she demonstrated an impeccable folk-song rhythm which was less useful in the finical confines of "Casta Diva" and *bel canto*. In her gold gown, she looked as handsome and heroic as the Opéra's great gilt proscenium sculptures, over her head.

BECAUSE, when it finally got going, Paris's L'Expo '37 turned out to be probably the most beautiful and stimulating world's fair ever built, lots of people hope it will be held over to be L'Expo '38. The people who hope it won't be held over are the Scotch, who are having an Expo '38 of their own in Glasgow, and Signor Mussolini, whose Rome is holding an exposition in 1940, and who wants Americans to rest up before coming to see it. Since New York is also going to have an exhibition, in between times, New York may be interested in the Paris Fair's latest statistics. Expenses, 1,443,900,000 francs; receipts, 150,700,000 francs; deficit for the Expo, 1,293,200,000 francs; subventions given by the state, city, etc., 813,000,000 francs; deficit for the state, 480,200,000 francs. Most people think the Fair was worth it. Certainly it filled Paris with spenders and took Parisians' minds off political fears. France's money situation is now easier, and even *Cagoulards* don't scare anybody.

Indeed, because the French are fortunately unheroic, disobedient, unambitious, quarrelsome, egotistical, dishonest about paying their taxes, and not afraid to say what they think, France is, as the old year goes out, in better shape as regards liberty, pocket money, morale, free speech, free elections, and no free-for-all war than Germany, Italy, or Russia. So, *encore une fois, une Bonne Année.* —GENÊT

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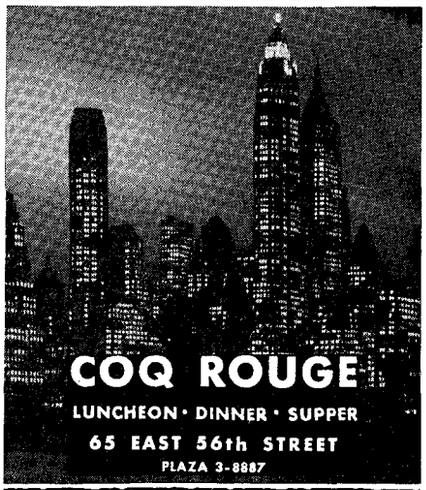

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Reënter the Maestro

ALMOST everyone who has anything to do with the preparation of music for public performance is known as maestro, but when people talk about "the Maestro" they mean only Arturo Toscanini. He is back with us—at least with those of us who are able to listen to the doings on N.B.C.'s Red and Blue Network Saturday evenings at ten—and it wouldn't be difficult to pour out several columns of rapture. These hypothetical rhapsodies may be summed up in four words: He remains the Maestro.

The N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, a first-rate group of instrumentalists, becomes a brilliant ensemble under Mr. Toscanini's leadership. The Maestro has a way of inducing performers to play almost better than they know how—or of keeping them at the top of their abilities throughout a concert. Something of the same kind happens to the music. Masterpieces, like the G-minor symphony of Mozart and the C-minor of Brahms, seem new revelations. Compositions like the Vivaldi D-minor concerto grosso, which generally sound like uneventful but respectable old music, acquire a living quality that lends to them a persuasive air of immortality.

Some say it's Mr. Toscanini's projection of the melos of the music, some call it "pulse," some note that he makes everything "sing," others ascribe it to a sort of hypnotism. We can try to analyze it, but it all comes down to simple greatness—and great simplicity.

The Maestro himself appeared to be having an agreeable Christmas night with his new orchestra in the N.B.C. studio. He seems a trifle plumper and his hair is a bit whiter, but in all other ways he remains the Maestro. The failure of a celebrated audience to applaud the conclusion of the Vivaldi concerto grosso didn't worry him. Probably many of the guests didn't know the piece was over. He just looked around for a signal from an N.B.C. official to start the next offering. After that, there were proper ovations, as you may have heard.

VERDI's "Otello," which hadn't been heard (except for one act on a special occasion) in a Metropolitan repertoire for a quarter of a century, returned last week with Mme. Rethberg and the Messrs. Martinelli and Tibbett as chief celebrants in the revival. It was a real revival, too, with effective if showy new scenery by Donald Oenslager and an assortment of fresh staging by Herbert Graf.

Of all Verdi's library, "Otello" has the greatest sustained musical and tragic power. The comparative absence of whistleable arias may disappoint a few Verdians, but the score is a procession of expressive melody. It also does right by Shakespeare, thanks to the libretto of Boito and Verdi's tonal translation of the characters.

As a whole, the Metropolitan production is superior operatic entertainment. Mr. Martinelli is a believable and forceful Otello, redeeming uninteresting lyric efforts by resounding climaxes and sincerity. Mr. Tibbett's Iago is sung magnificently and acted brightly in the modern manner, which makes Iago a lively politician. Mme. Rethberg was competent for three acts and became a fine singing actress in the fourth act. The orchestra played well for Mr. Panizza, who missed some of the punch in the first act, but made his points successfully most of the way.

The staging started as if it were going to be theatre and wound up as opera. That may have been the right idea, for the audience made the most noise after the old-fashioned operatic finales of the second and third acts.

FESTIVITIES IN CARNEGIE HALL: The Stradivarius Memorial Concert, in which everybody except Dr. Damrosch, who conducted, and a couple of double-bass players used Stradivarius instruments. The Musical Art Quartet, the Stradivarius Quartet, Efrem Zimbalist, and Sascha Jacobsen, the soloists, with supplementary fiddlers, produced some of the most charming tones of the year. Not all of the credit goes to Stradivarius; the performers knew how.... The excellent annual "Messiah" of the Oratorio Society, the most animated and tuneful of its recent career.

ABOUT tickets for the Toscanini broadcasts: I don't know how you get them, either. Apparently, the thing to do is write to the National Broadcasting Company at 30 Rockefeller Center, tell your story, and hope for the best.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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BOOKS

Vicki Baum and Bali

IF we are to judge by Covarrubias's excellent book, and now by Vicki Baum's "Tale of Bali," the Bali boom is by no means over. Apparently we wretched whites are still eager to pay our entrance fee for the privilege of watching the Balinese put on their big Native Happiness Act—an act of which they, for all their fine courtesy, must be thoroughly tired by now.

At any rate here are Miss Baum and her novel about the conquest of certain small native states in Bali by the Dutch (1904 to 1907, roughly), and here are the picturesque props you've become used to from all the other books—gamelangs, cockfights, trance dances, funeral rituals, native carving, an unspoiled and sunny-hearted people, innocent pagan love, tropic flora, and all the rest. I do not wish to convey the impression that Miss Baum set out to write a trivial book. The reverse is the case. This is perhaps the most serious and ambitious of her novels, even though it happens to be a semi-failure.

The trouble, I think, is that she is trying simultaneously to do four things: tell a love story, rewrite "The Good Earth" with a Balinese background, offer a picture of native life, and explain the Dutch conquest. Miss Baum is a pretty smooth literary carpenter, but the job of joining these four elements is a bit too much even for her.

The love story is well done. The situation in which the Rajah's favorite wife falls in love with his best friend is not precisely a new one, but Miss Baum handles it dexterously enough and extracts from it the last ounce of melodramatic value. This sort of thing is quite in her line, but the celebration of the virtues of the Eternal Peasant is not. Pak, the simple Balinese who understands nothing but his rice fields, would probably have turned out a most effective character in the hands of Pearl Buck or Knut Hamsun, but I fear Miss Baum has the city touch. As for the local color—cockfights, trance dances, etc.—it's well enough done, but one feels somehow that this is non-fiction material being artificially worked into the fabric of a straight romantic story. For information about Balinese culture it is best to go to Covarrubias, though there is one cockfighting scene of Miss Baum's that isn't easy to forget.

As commentary on Dutch colonial policy, the book seems to me quite valueless, because the author has been too lazy to study the whole history of the exploitation of the Pacific—and it is against the background of this whole history that the decline and fall of Bali must be posed. She offers a trivial, almost an accidental reason, for the Dutch decision to conquer all of Bali, when obviously that decision was part of a general and firmly based policy. Also, I think she's pretty sentimental about her Dutch invaders. After the heroic and suicidal resistance of the Balinese has been crushed, the Dutch leader turns to the Resident and says, "It's a lesson to us all, Resident, how we ought to treat the Balinese. Hats off to such a death as theirs." I hope Miss Baum will not mind a tiny snicker at this point from at least one reader. After all, the object of the Dutch was to enslave the islanders in order to make money out of them—a simple notion, easy to grasp, but you get hardly a hint of it throughout the story. Miss Baum is so interested in making her Balinese heroic and her Dutchmen generous and gallant that she loses sight of the fact that the occupation of Bali, like any other colonial occupation, was pure and simple brigandage.

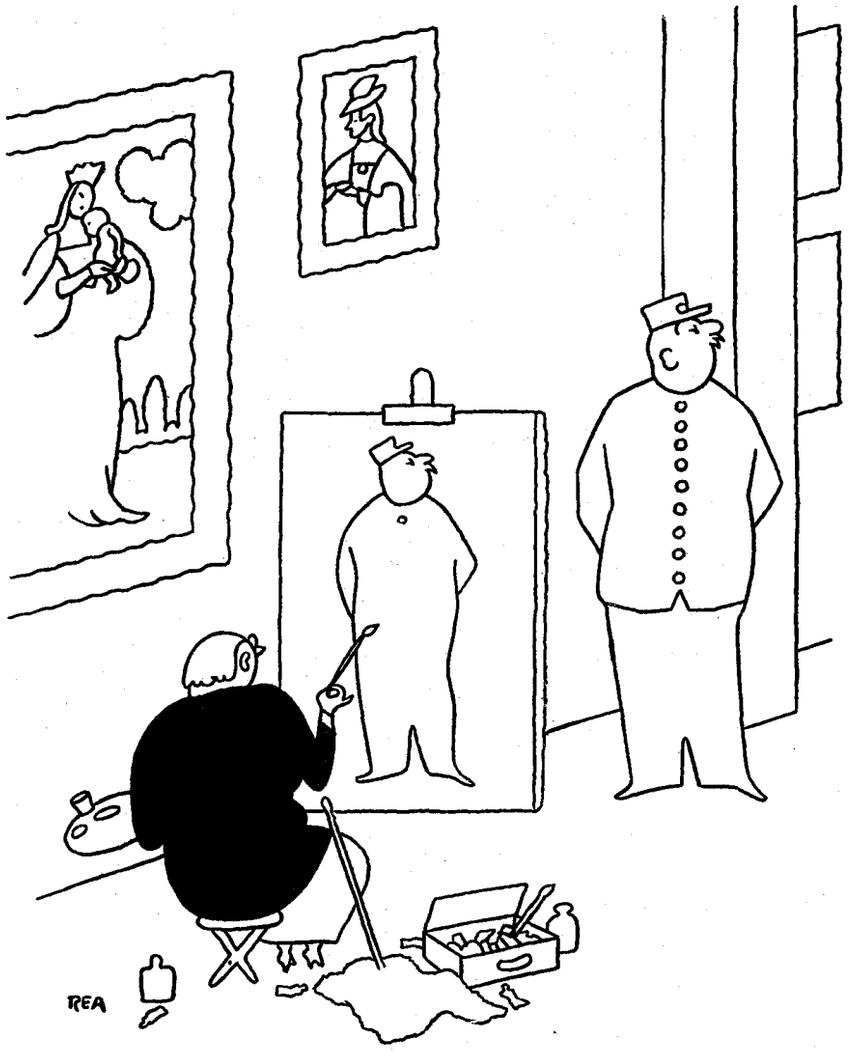
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DANGEROUS YEARS, by Gilbert Frankau. A family chronicle covering the last twenty-five years of English upper-class life. With Hollywood lavishness Mr. Frankau includes most of the "colossal" events which have occurred during that time, from the sinking of the Titanic to the siege of Alcázar. The result is lively, highly colored, and full of big moments which are rather too well prepared for. Easy reading.

FADE OUT, by Naomi Jacob. An unlikely story concerning a conventional



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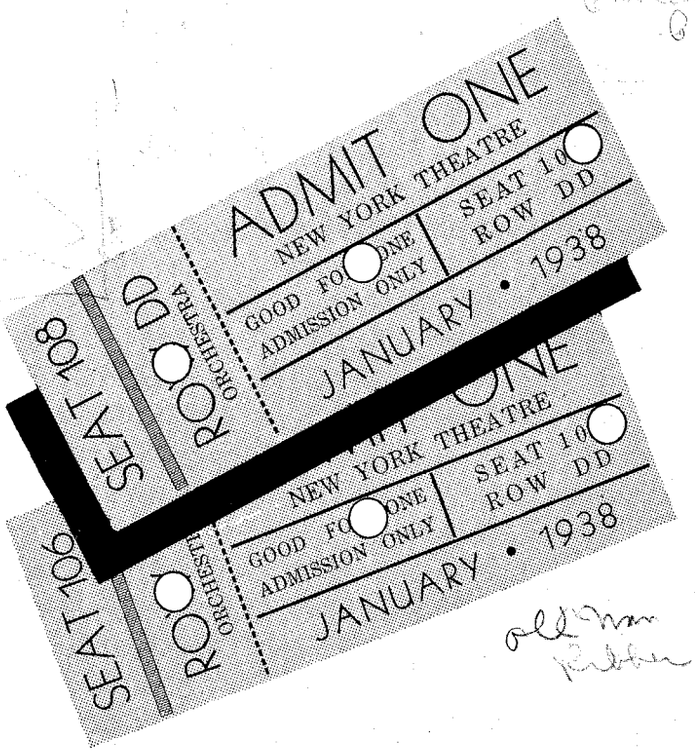

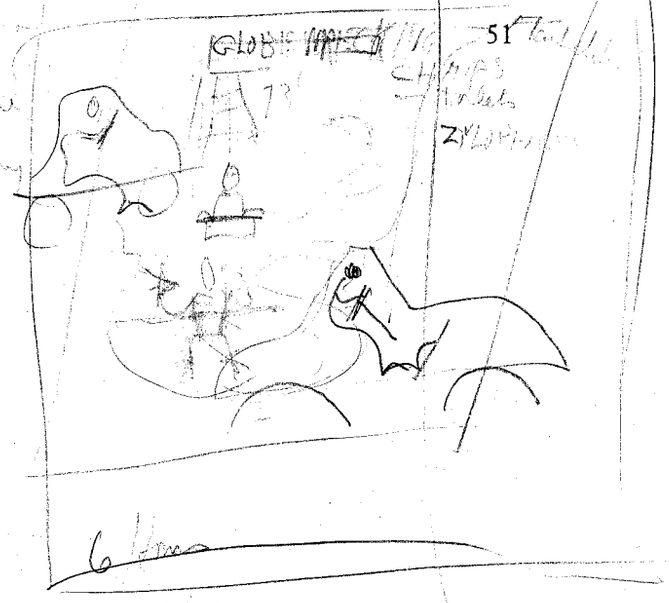

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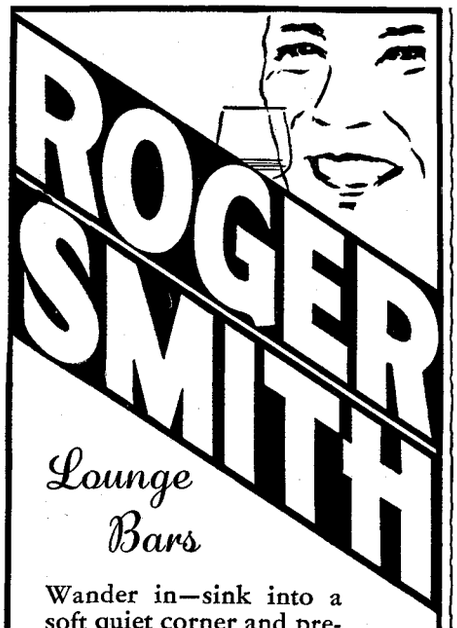

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GENERAL

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